

July No.1

10¢

# HIT

COMICS

THE RED BEE  
OPENED  
FIRE...

HERCULES

the  
Strongest Man  
in the World  
BLAZE BARTON

NEON

THE  
UNKNOWN

THE  
STRANGE  
TWINS

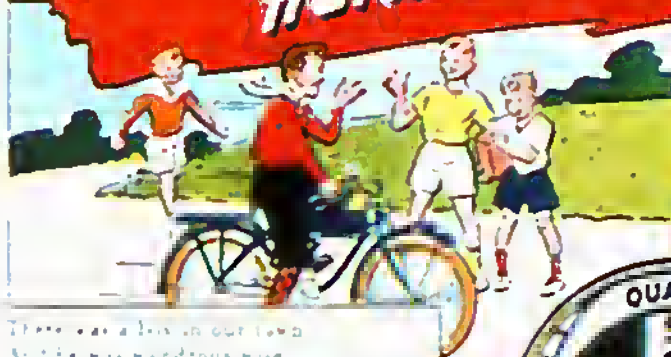




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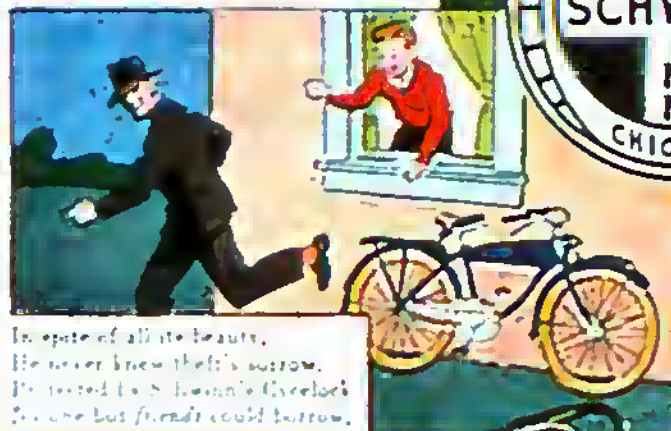
# FELLOWS, HERE'S YOUR BIKE!



There was a lark in our town  
A little was windous wire.  
He bought himself a Schwinn-Built bike  
As it showed the other guys!



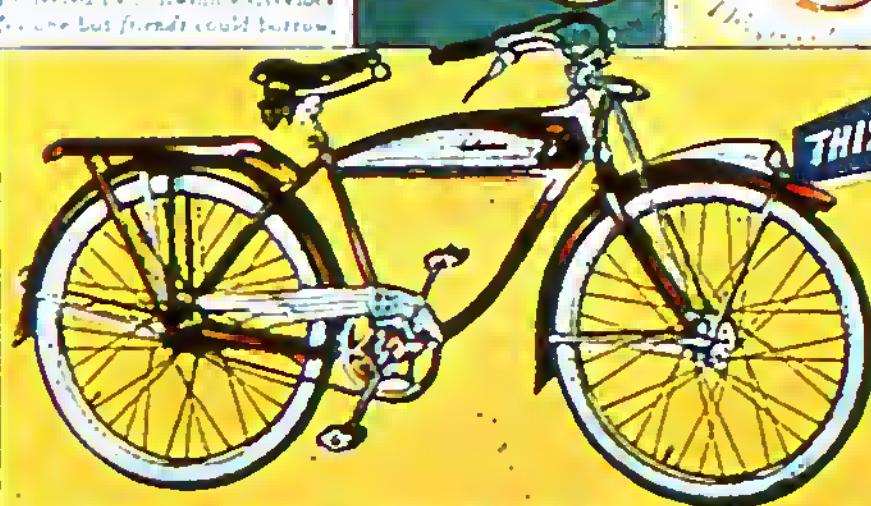
With Schwinn's exclusive Fore-Wheel Brake  
And Rear Expander, too.  
It was the very safest bike  
That the gang ever knew.



In spite of all its beauty,  
He never knew theft's sorrow.  
It's tested to a Schwinn's Cyclelock  
So one bus friend could borrow.



And so, because a Schwinn-Built bike  
Will never let you down,  
Just take your choice and you will be  
The leader in your town.



Boy! What a bike! Just think  
what the gang will say when you  
spring this one on them!

And here's how! Get the  
Schwinn-Built Bicycle Buyers'  
Guide and show it to Dad! Pic-  
tures galore, in natural color! 24  
pages of reasons why you should  
have a Schwinn-Built bike! Mail  
coupon for free copy of this valu-  
able booklet TODAY!

## ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., CHICAGO

**MAIL THIS COUPON**  
FOR  
ILLUSTRATED **FREE** Booklet

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.,  
1731 N. Kilbuck, Chicago, Ill.

Please send my copy of the 1940 Illustrated FREE booklet  
about Schwinn-Built Lifetime Guaranteed Bicycles.

Name.....

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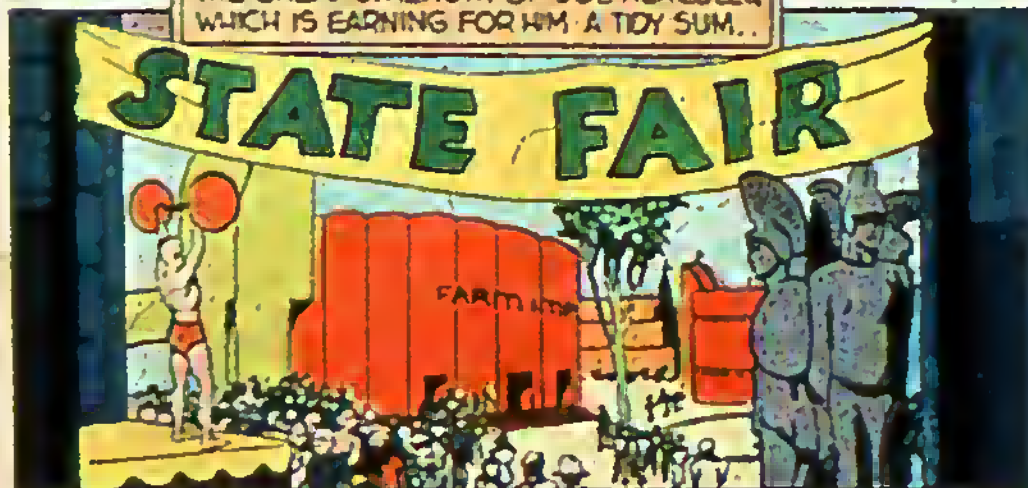
# HERCULES

By Dan Enloz

COMIC MAGAZINE FANS HAVE FOR SOME TIME NOW BEEN FOLLOWING THE ADVENTURES OF VARIOUS 'STRONG MEN'... TRUE, THEY ARE INDEED ALL-POWERFUL, AMAZING AND UNUSUAL, BUT THERE STILL REMAINS ONE GREAT, POWERFUL MAN OF MIGHT, WHOSE ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES ARE YET TO BE TOLD...

HE DIDN'T COME FROM ANOTHER PLANET... HE WASN'T MADE BY A MAD SCIENTIST OR BY SOME OTHER FANTASTIC MANNER... HE'S A REAL AMERICAN YOUTH, BORN IN THE NORTH WOODS AND IMBUED WITH THE GREATEST STRENGTH, MORTAL MAN EVER POSSESSED. . . .

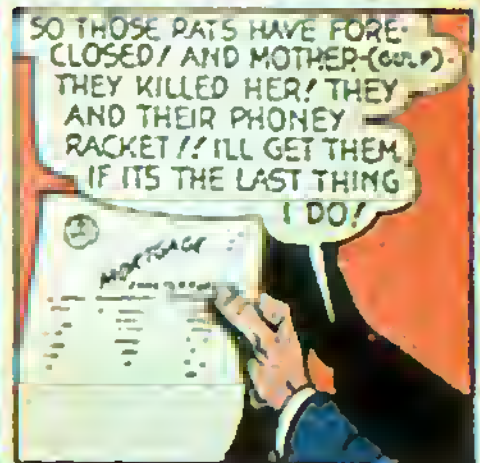
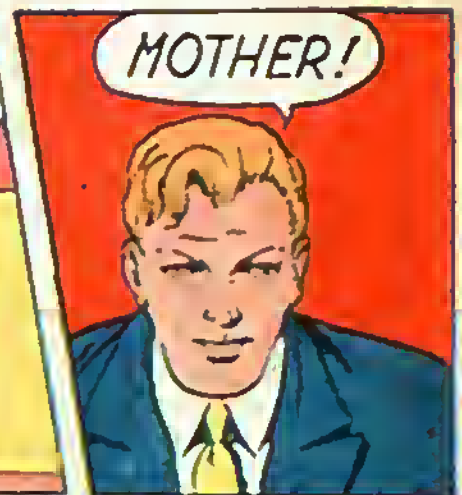
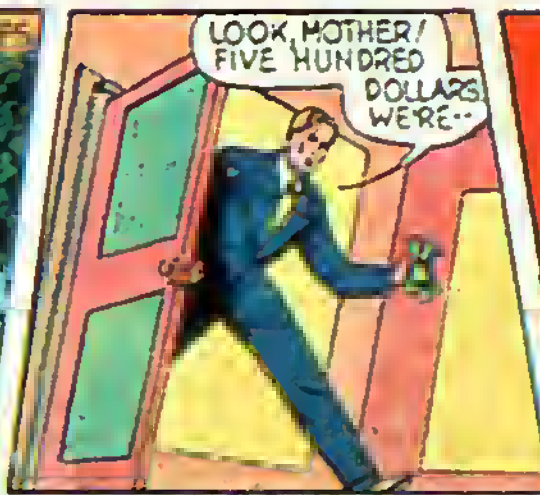
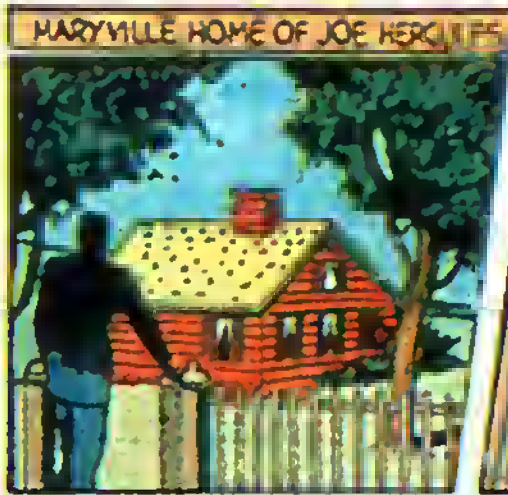
OUR STORY OPENS AT THE STATE FAIR OF A MID-WESTERN CITY. GREAT CROWDS GATHER AT ONE BOOTH TO MARVEL AT THE GREAT STRENGTH OF JOE HERCULES, WHICH IS EARNING FOR HIM A TIDY SUM...



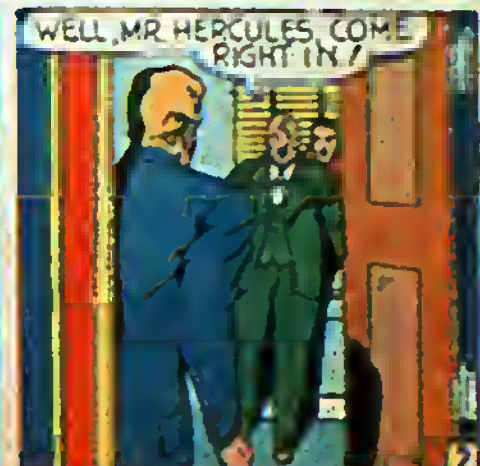
AT THE CLOSE OF THE FAIR...







OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO NEW YORK J WILLISTONE JYPPE SITS SMILING OVER A RECENT DEAL.





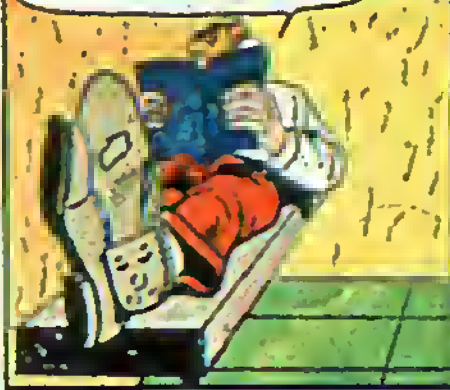




IF ONLY ONE MAN, FEARLESS ENOUGH, COULD FIGHT A SINGLE-HANDED WAR AGAINST CRIME AND AID THE POLICE!



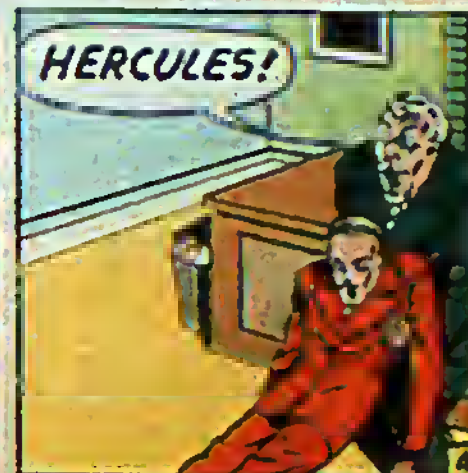
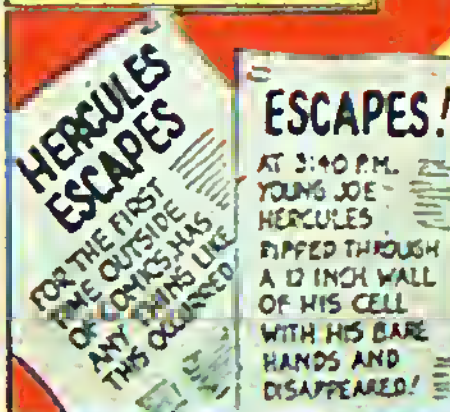
THEY DO IT IN THE COMICS. JUST LOOK AT THE DOLLMAN, FOR INSTANCE



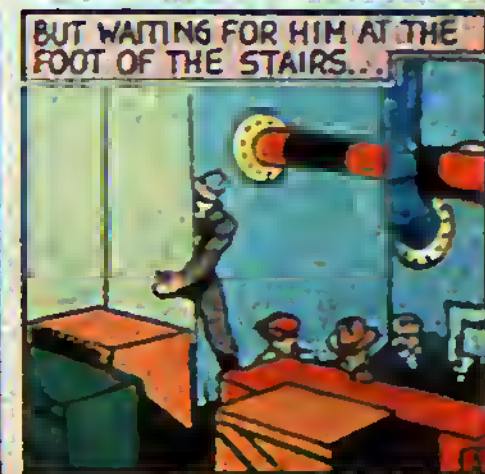
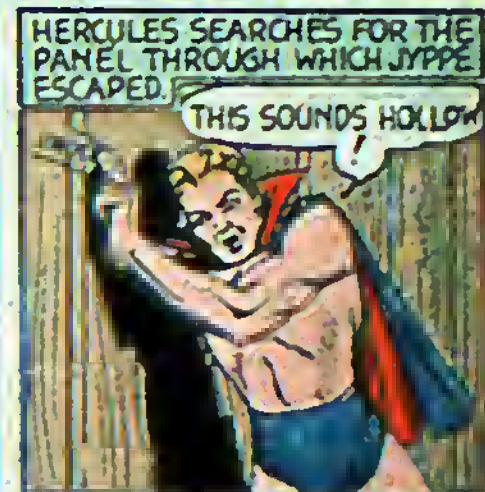
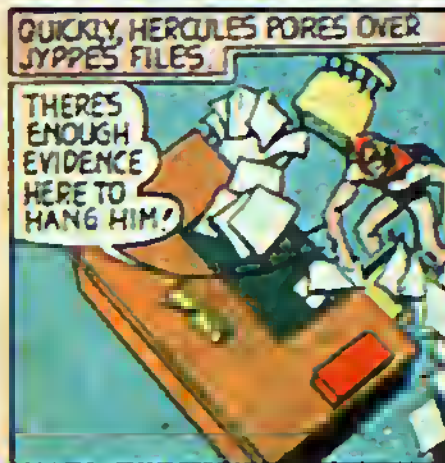
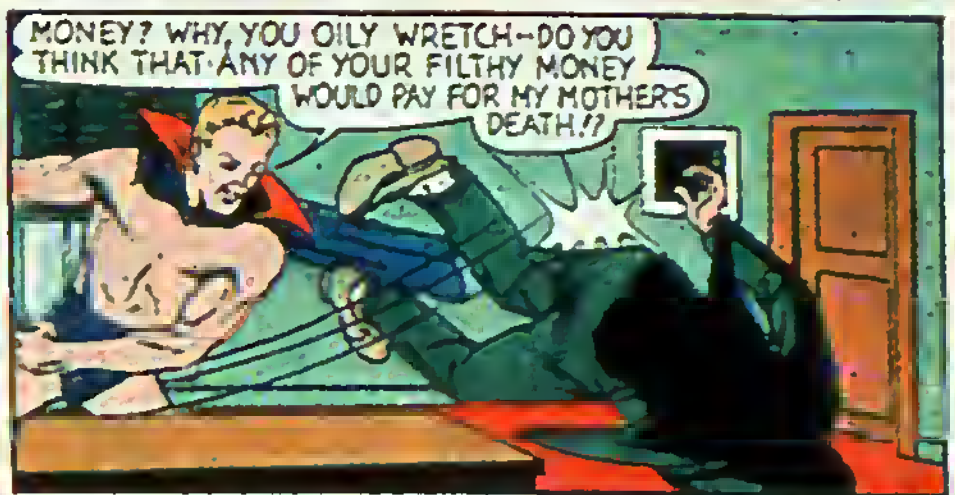
HE'S GOT A COSTUME AND ALL AND THE STRENGTH OF A COUPLA GUYS--WHY DON'T YOU DO THAT? 'COURSE IT'S ONLY A STORY, BUT YOU MAKE IT REAL!



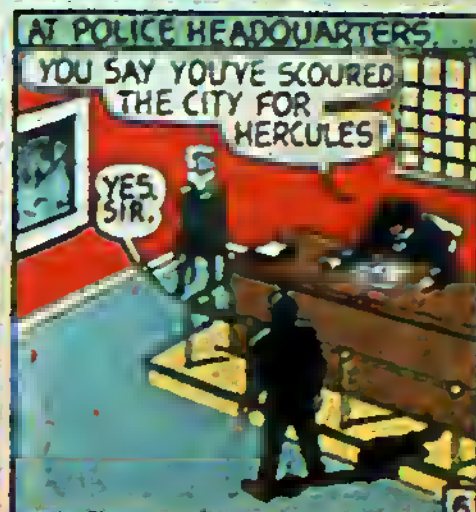
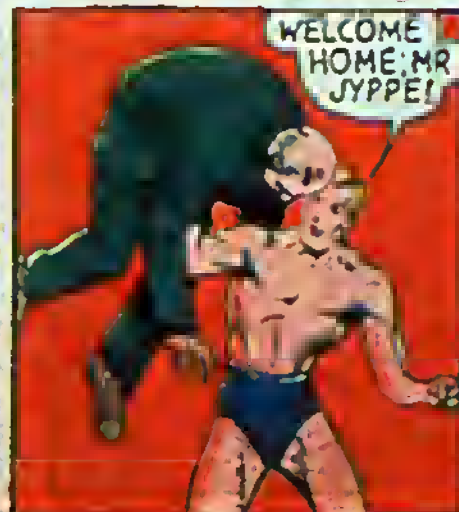
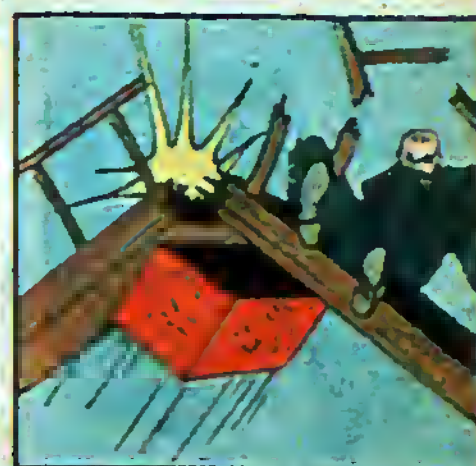
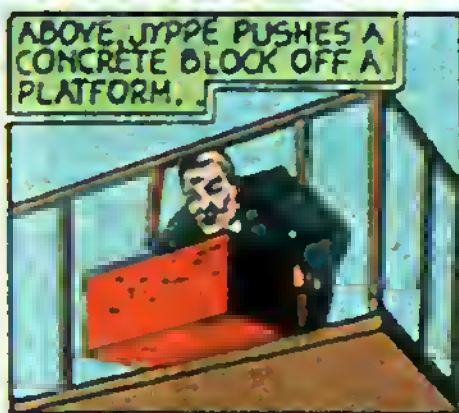
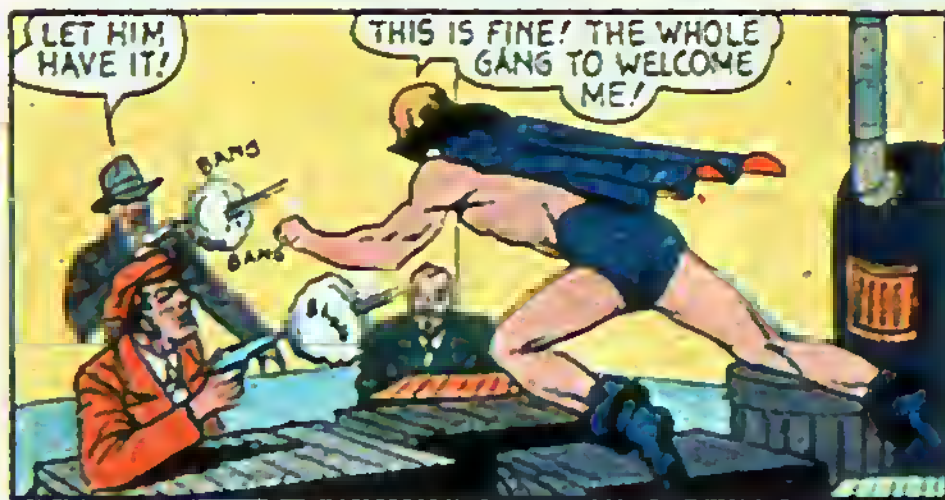
THE NEWS OF HERCULES' ESCAPE ROCKS THE CITY.



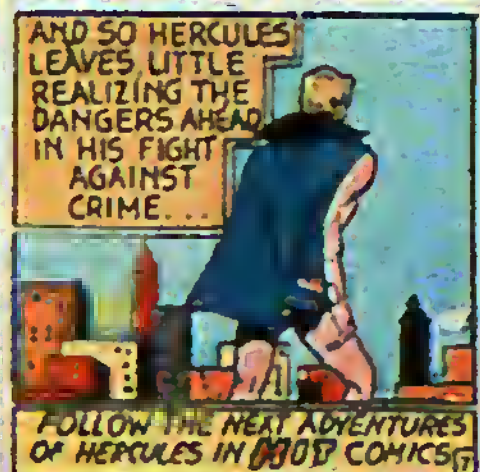
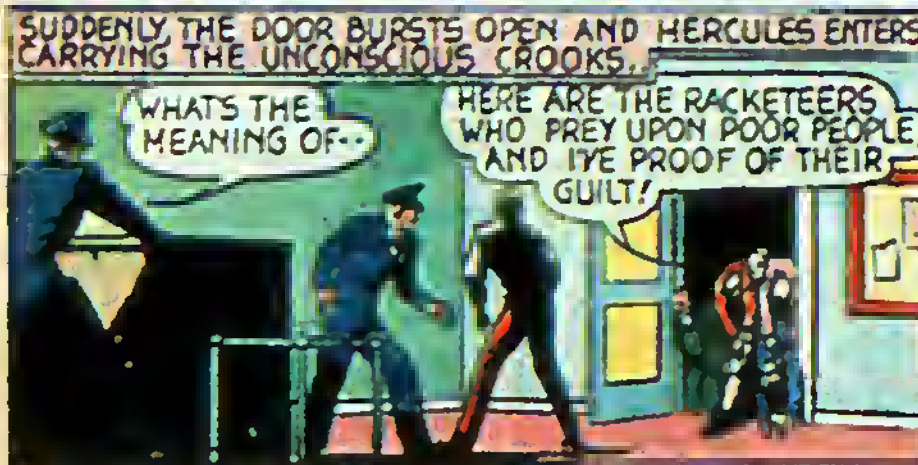
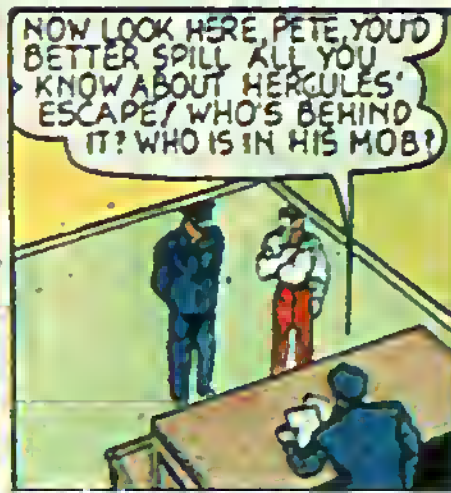








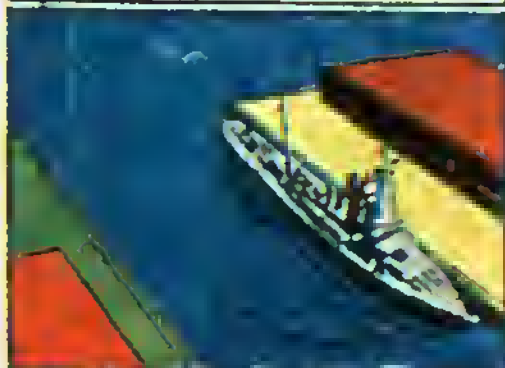








SECRETLY THE SEA RAIDER "WOLF" TAKES ON SUPPLIES IN THE NEUTRAL PORT OF SAN MIGUEL.

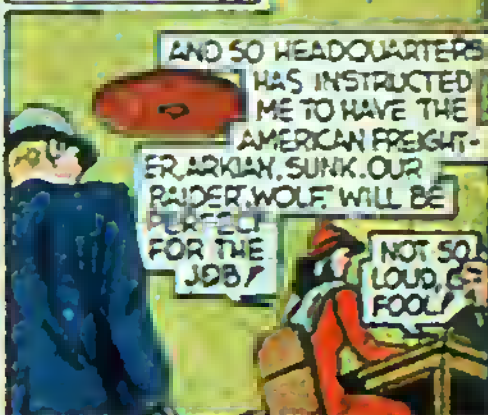


X-5, U.S. SECRET AGENT, SEES THE "WOLF".



THE BATTLESHIP, "WOLF", REFUELLING THAT'S A VIOLATION OF THE INTERNATIONAL LAW. I GUESS THE MAYOR WAS AFRAID TO REFUSE.

LATER, IN A BAR...



AND SO HEADQUARTERS HAS INSTRUCTED ME TO HAVE THE AMERICAN FREIGHTER ARKIAN, SUNK. OUR RAIDER "WOLF" WILL BE PERFECT FOR THE JOB.

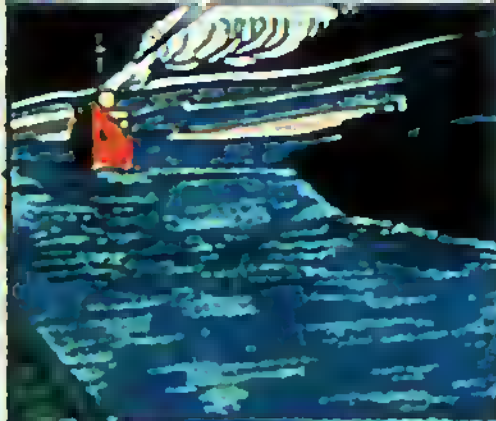
NOT SO LOUD, IS FOOL!

HE HAS OVERHEARD A PLOT TO DESTROY THE AMERICAN FREIGHTER ON ITS ARRIVAL.



SAY, CAPTAIN, ISN'T THAT THE RAIDER "WOLF"?

HER GUNS ARE CLEARED, BUT THAT ISN'T PERMISSIBLE IN A NEUTRAL PORT.



ON THE "WOLF"...



I MUST WAIT FOR ORDERS FROM BARONESS VERBER.

WHAT A PRIZE THAT SHIP WOULD MAKE CAPTAIN.

IN A LOCAL BAR, THE BARONESS SEES X-5.....



PERHAPS WE'LL DRINK WITH US. THIS BLONDE GIANT, AND WE'LL FIND OUT HOW MUCH HE KNOWS.

NOT AT ALL, IN FACT I'M FLATTERED.



I AM THE BARONESS VERBER. PLEASE DO NOT THINK ME RUDE FOR ASKING YOU TO JOIN US.



WHERE HAVE I SEEN HIM BEFORE?

YOU AMERICANS ARE SO WONDERFULLY INFORMAL.



THE FOREIGN AGENT SCANS HIS WALLET FILE AND FINDS...



X-5! HE HAS OVERHEARD OUR PLANS, BARONESS. WE CANNOT LET HIM LIVE!



OK, BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SINK THE 'ARKIAN' AND GET THAT STRAIGHT, RIGHT NOW?

YOU ARE HARDLY IN A POSITION TO STOP ME, X-5



I'M NOT, EH? THIS SHOULD SCUTTLE YOU FOR AWHILE, WISE GUY!



BARONESS, I-- WHAT IS IT? SHE'S DUCKED OUT ON ME!



CAPTAIN, THIS IS THE BARONESS. TONIGHT YOU WILL SINK THE AMERICAN FREIGHTER 'ARKIAN'!



THE CAPTAIN OF THE RAIDER, 'WOLF' GETS HIS ORDERS...



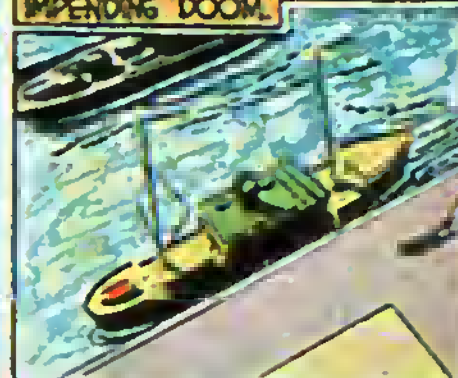
YES, BARONESS. I WILL SHELL THE AMERICAN FREIGHTER TONIGHT!

X-5 RACES TO THE DOCK TO WARN THE AMERICAN CAPTAIN!



IF I CAN ONLY GET THERE IN TIME!

THE TWO VESSELS LIE SIDE BY SIDE. THERE IS NO HINT OF THE IMPENDING DOOM.



CAPTAIN, YOUR SHIP IS GOING TO BE SHELLLED BY THE 'WOLF'!



YOU MEAN THAT RAIDER IS GOING TO SHELL MY SHIP?

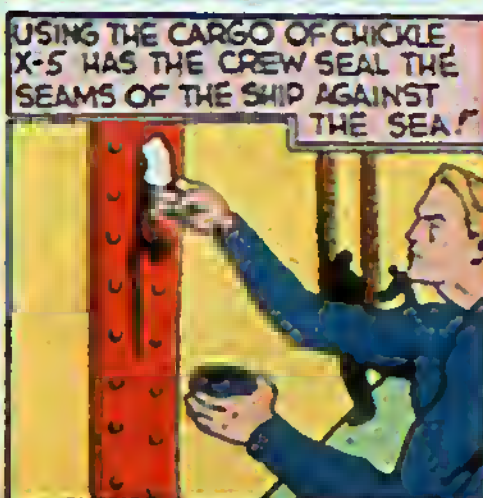
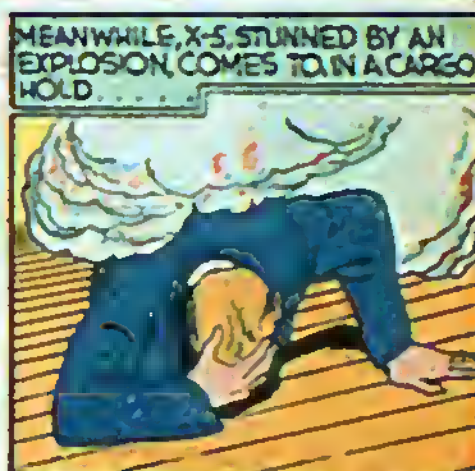
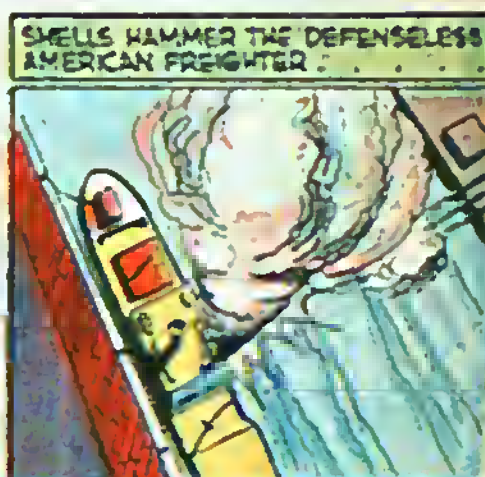


YES! GET THE 'ARKIAN' OUT OF PORT! THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE!

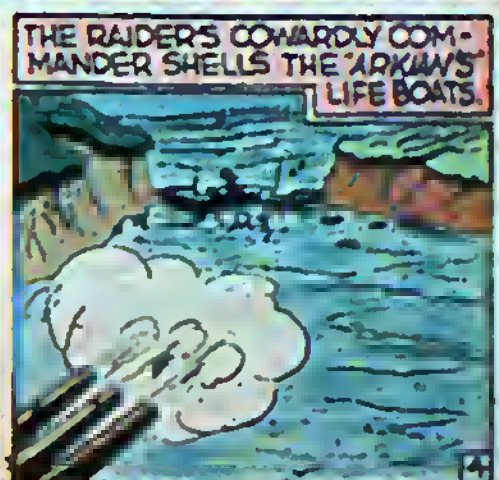
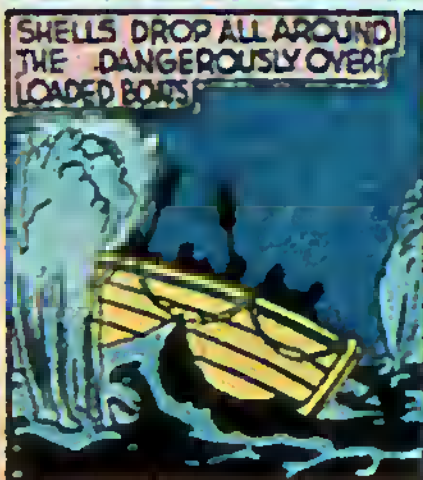
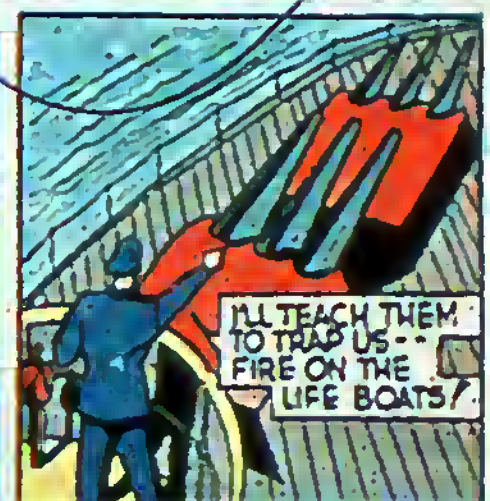
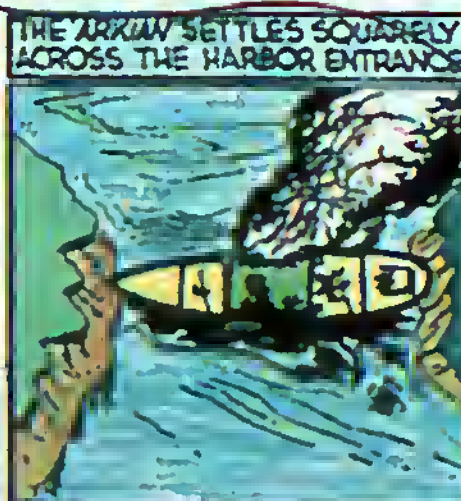
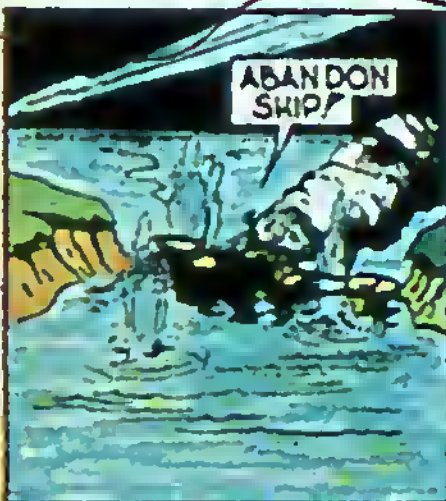
AT THAT MOMENT, THE 'WOLF'S' GUNS BEGIN THEIR BARRAGE!



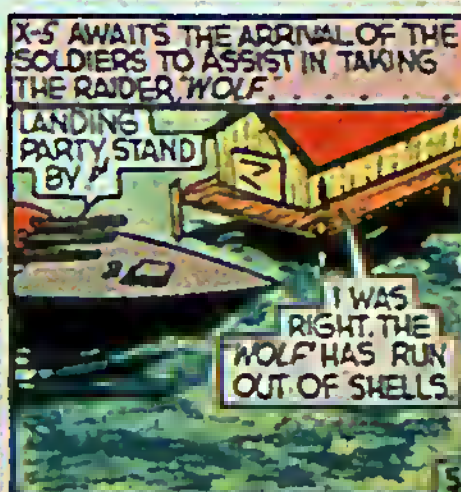
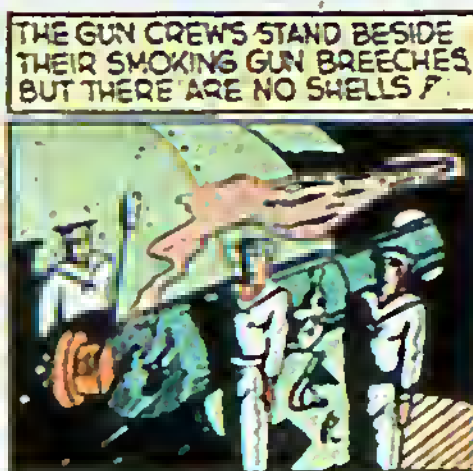
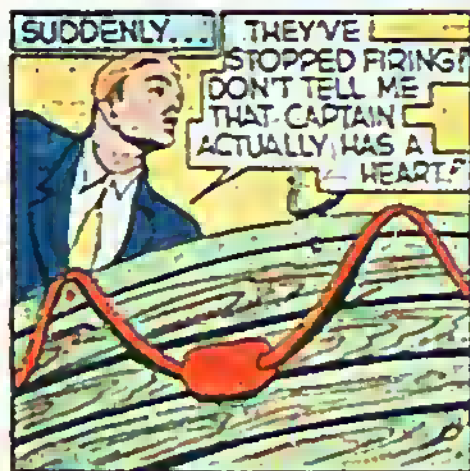






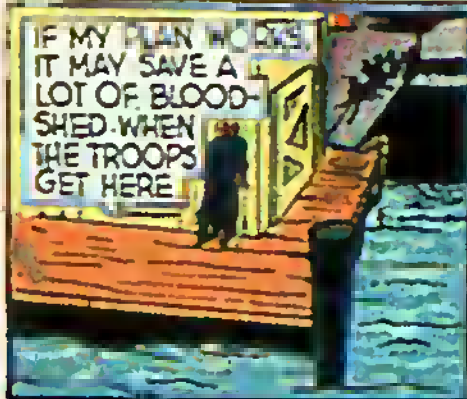








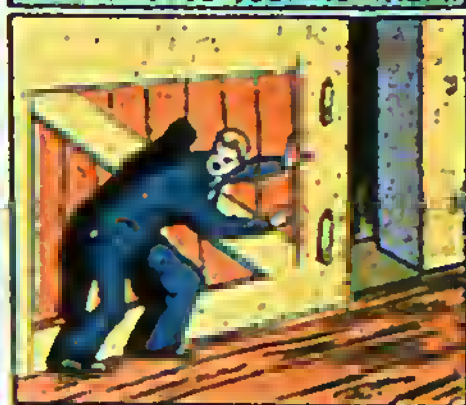
THE SAILORS RUSH TO THE ARSENAL FOR AMMUNITION.



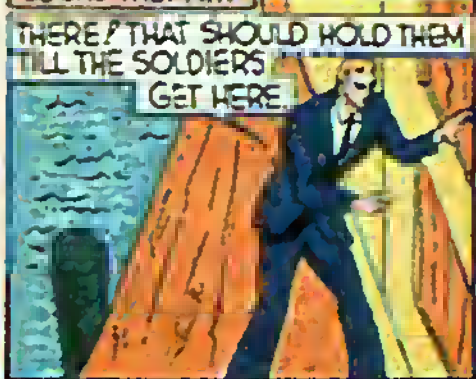
THE LANDING PARTY BREAKS INTO THE WAREHOUSE.



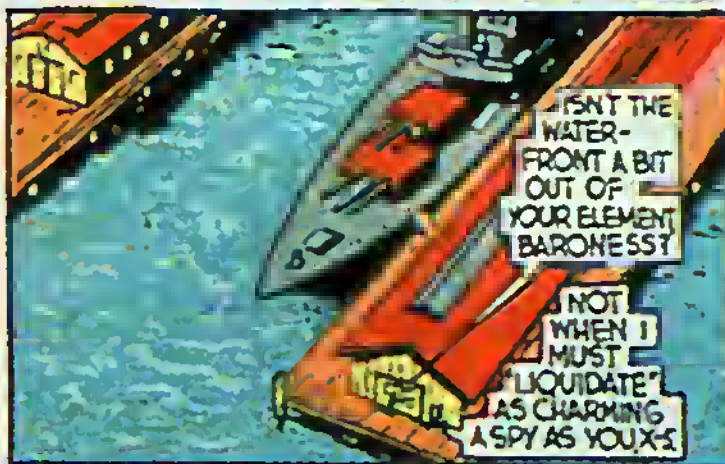
QUETLY X-5 SLIPS THE HEAVY DOOR CLOSED, BEHIND THEM.



THE SAILORS OF THE 'WOLF' BREAK INTO THE ARSENAL TO REPLENISH THEIR AMMUNITION SUPPLY. X-5 LOCKS THEM IN.



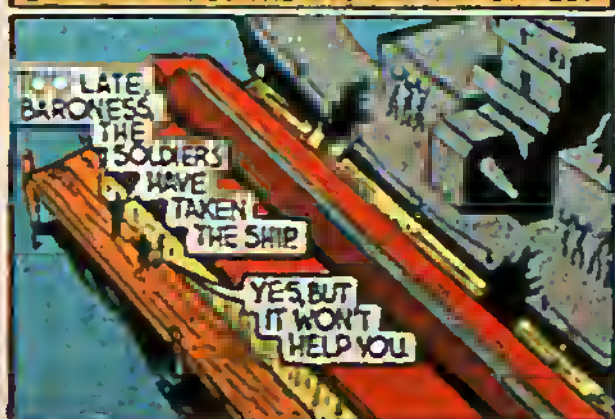
SUDDENLY...



TRAPPED BY TWO SPES, X-5 STALLS FOR AN OPENING.



MEANWHILE, THE UNMANNED 'WOLFS' BEING EASILY TAKEN BY THE SAN MIGUEL FORCES.



TSK, TSK, YOU LEARN SLOWLY. THIS IS THE SECOND TIME I'VE HAD TO DO THIS!

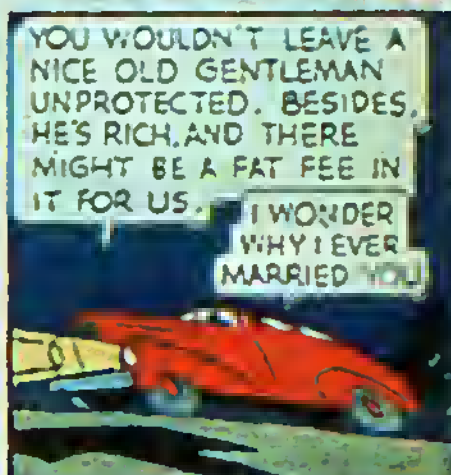
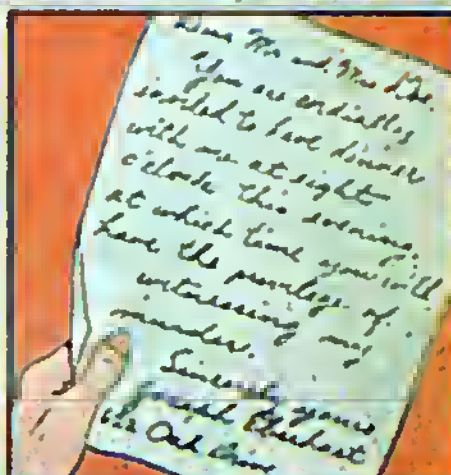
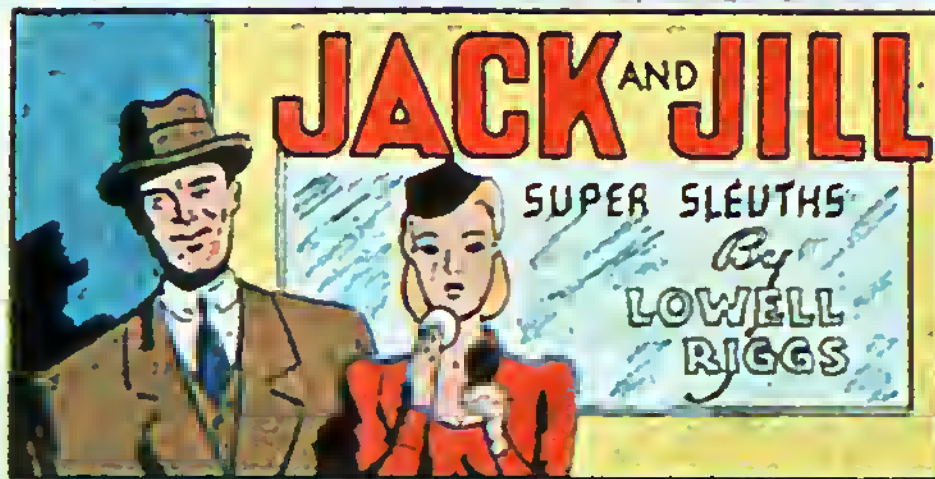


THE GENERAL ARRIVES...



ANOTHER X-5 THRILLER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF HIT COMICS.







ALLOW ME TO EXPLAIN WHY I SENT FOR YOU. FOR MANY GENERATIONS, WHENEVER THE OLD FAMILY CLOCK STOPPED, IT WAS MEANT THE DEATH OF THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE... THE CLOCK STOPPED THIS AFTERNOON! I AM A DOOMED MAN!



JUST AS OUR FAMISHED PAIR ARE ABOUT TO LIFT THE FIRST MORSEL OF FOOD TO THEIR LIPS, MR. EBERHART SHRIEKS AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR...



HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT.

GEE, AND THE FOOD LOOKED SO GOOD!



PHIPPS, THE OLD FAMILY RETAINER, RUSHES IN...

WHAT...?



OH, MY POOR MASTER, MY POOR MASTER... YOUR WEAK HEART FINALLY TOOK YOU FROM US... WE SHALL MISS YOU!



I HAVE SENT FOR THE CORONER, PHIPPS. I HEAR THE DOORBELL. THAT MUST BE HIM.



I AM DR. GRAHAM, THE CORONER... WHERE IS THE BODY?



M-M-M... THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HEART FAILURE TO ME.



THIS MAN WAS MURDERED! SEE THIS TINY POISON DART? I FOUND IT IMBEDDED IN HIS BACK. YOU HAVE A CASE ON YOUR HANDS, MR. DOE. GOOD NIGHT, SIR.



YES, BUT THE ONLY PLACE FROM WHICH THE DART COULD HAVE COME IS THIS PANELLED WALL...



WHILE JACK SEARCHES THE ROOM FOR CLUES, JILL INSPECTS THE WALL.

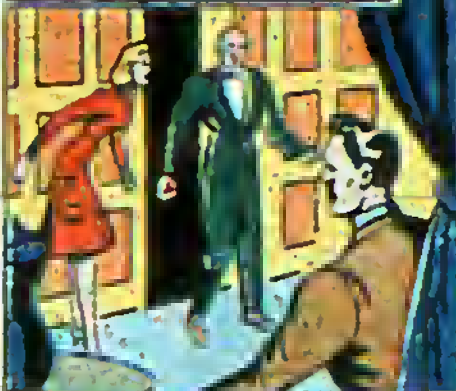




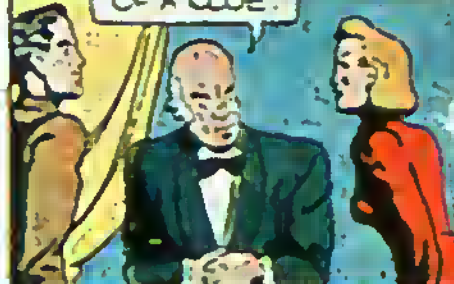
SUDDENLY, A HAND REACHES OUT OF THE WALL.



A PANEL SLIDES BACK AND OUT STEPS PHIPPS.



I HOPE I DIDN'T FRIGHTEN YOU PEOPLE... I'VE JUST BEEN EXPLORING AN OLD PASSAGEWAY, KNOWN ONLY TO THE FAMILY, IN SEARCH OF A CLUE.



YOU SEE, I HAVE A THEORY ABOUT THIS CASE, MYSELF... I DISLIKE TO THROW SUSPICION UPON ANYONE, BUT MR. EBERHART'S NEPHEW SPENT SEVERAL YEARS IN INDIA, AND...



... THE STUDY OF POISON DARTS HAS BEEN A HOBBY OF HIS... MOREOVER, I KNOW HE WAS FAMILIAR WITH THIS SECRET PASSAGEWAY.



YES, BUT WHAT MOTIVE WOULD HE HAVE FOR KILLING HIS OWN UNCLE?



HE HATED THE OLD GENTLEMAN BECAUSE HE WOULDN'T GIVE HIM ENOUGH MONEY TO SQUANDER. BY THIS TIME HE IS PROBABLY HOME OR IN SOME NIGHT CLUB...



THIS CASE IS A CINCH, DEAR... I'M GOING OUT TO FIND EDWARD EBERHART!



YOU REMAIN HERE, HONEY, WHERE YOU'LL BE SAFE.



BE SURE IT'S EBERHART YOU PICK UP, AND NOT SOME BLONDE!

IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE, MADAME?

NO, THANK YOU, PHIPPS, THAT WILL BE ALL.



ALONE, JILL GOES INTO THE DINING ROOM AND BEGINS TO EXPLORE THE PASSAGEWAY.



OPEN, SESAME!

OOH, HOW DARK!





AS SHE ENTERS THE PASS-  
AGEWAY, A SINISTER  
SHADOW FALLS ACROSS  
THE ENTRANCE...



HELLO, WHAT'S  
THIS



WHY, IT'S THE BLOW TUBE  
THAT WAS USED TO SHOOT  
THE POISON DART!



AS JILL WALKS INTO THE  
LIGHT OF THE ENTRANCE,  
SHE IS STARTLED TO FIND  
PHIPPS STANDING THERE:



SHE STARES AT HIM SUS-  
PICIOUSLY AND HE SMILES.  
BUT THERE IS AN EVIL GINT  
IN HIS EYE...



SLIPPING THE BLOW TUBE  
INTO HER DRESS POCKET,  
SHE WALKS INTO THE HALL.



TSK. MY NOSE IS  
SHINY AGAIN.



OH, HOW CLUMSY!  
I DROPPED MY  
MIRROR.



HERE YOU ARE, MADAME.

THANK YOU,  
PHIPPS.



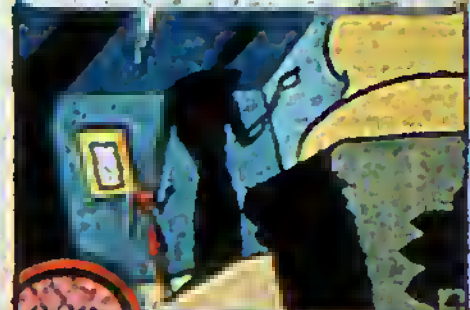
IT WORKED! NOW, TO SEE  
IF THE FINGERPRINTS ON  
THE BLOW TUBE AND  
PHIPPS' PRINT, ON MY  
MIRROR, MATCH.



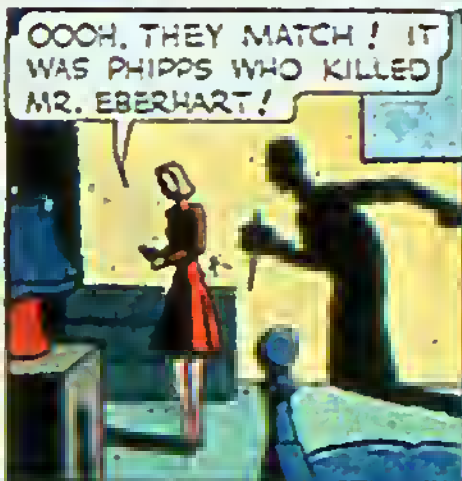
BY SPRINKLING THE BLOW  
TUBE AND THE MIRROR  
WITH SILVER NITRATE,  
THE PRINTS ARE CLEARLY  
REVEALED.



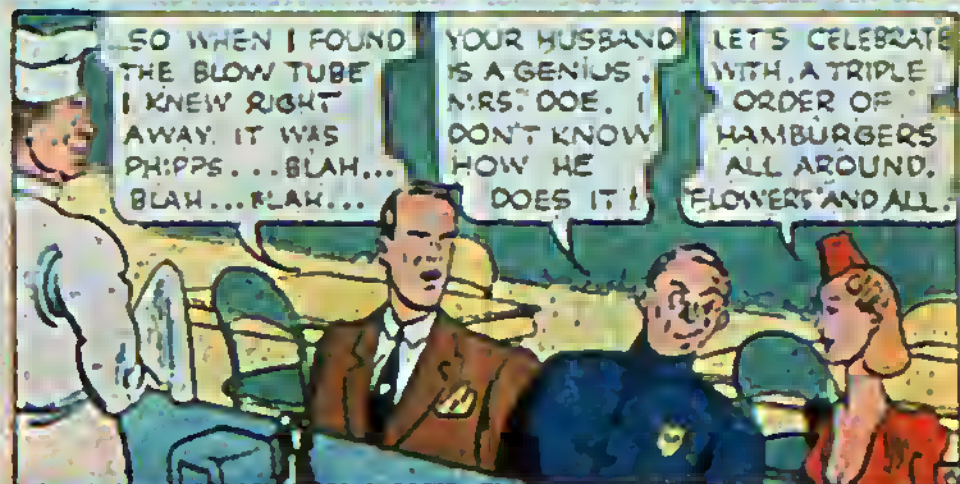
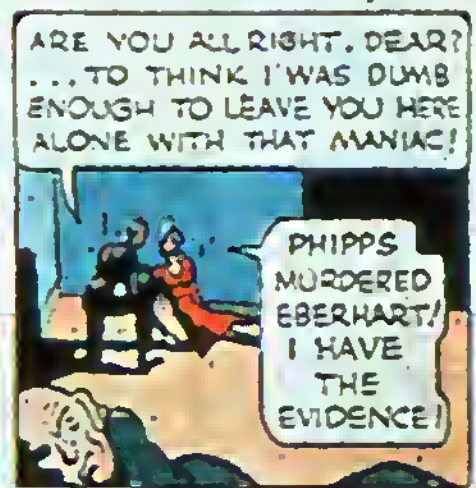
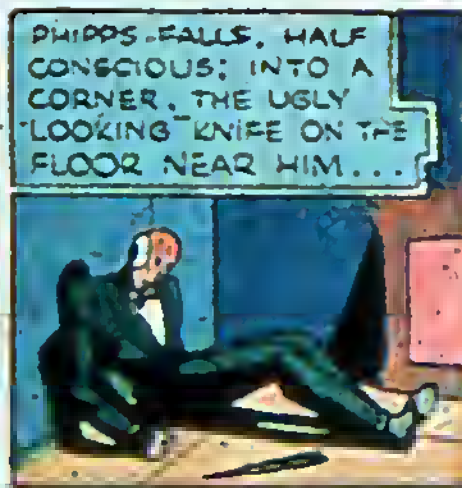
I HOPE MY HUNCH IS  
WRONG. I'D HATE TO  
BE ALONE IN THIS CREEPY  
HOUSE WITH A MURDERER.



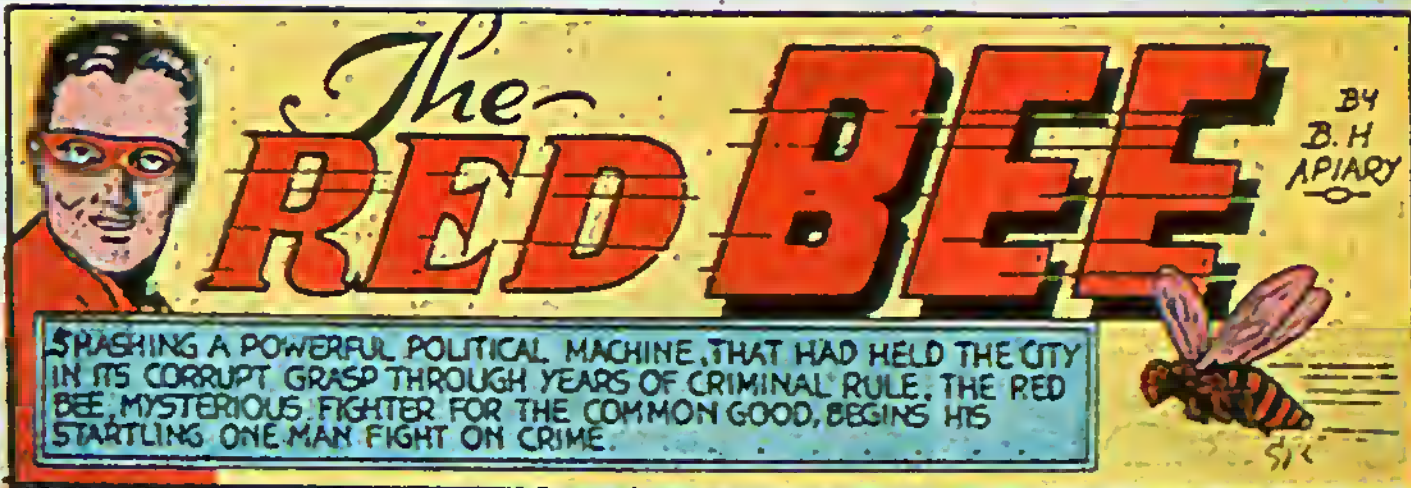












**The RED BEE**

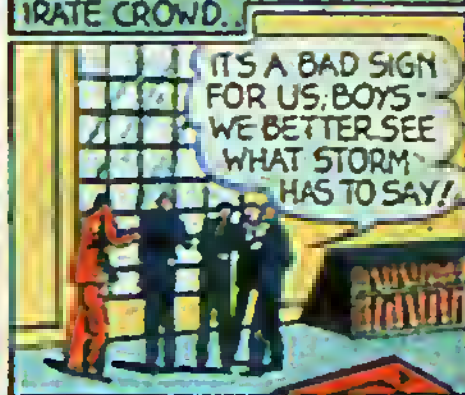
BY B. H. APIARY

SMASHING A POWERFUL POLITICAL MACHINE, THAT HAD HELD THE CITY IN ITS CORRUPT GRASP THROUGH YEARS OF CRIMINAL RULE, THE RED BEE, MYSTERIOUS FIGHTER FOR THE COMMON GOOD, BEGINS HIS STARTLING ONE MAN FIGHT ON CRIME.

ANGERED BY THE SLACK, GRAFTING ADMINISTRATION, CITIZENS OF SUPERIOR CITY DEMONSTRATE FOR BETTER GOVERNMENT, BEFORE THE CITY HALL...



INSIDE, THE POLITICIANS ARE NERVOUS AS THEY WATCH THE IRATE CROWD.



IN THE OFFICE OF THE TYRANNICAL BOSS, STORM,



BAH! LET EM BLOW OFF STEAM! THEY'LL QUIET DOWN. I'M RUNNING THIS CITY, AND I SAY NO RELIEF!



MEANWHILE, TOM DARROW, THE D.A., TALKS TO HIS ASSISTANT



TO LIKE TO CLEAN UP THE RACKETS AS YOU SUGGEST, BUT MY HANDS ARE TIED, RALIEGH!



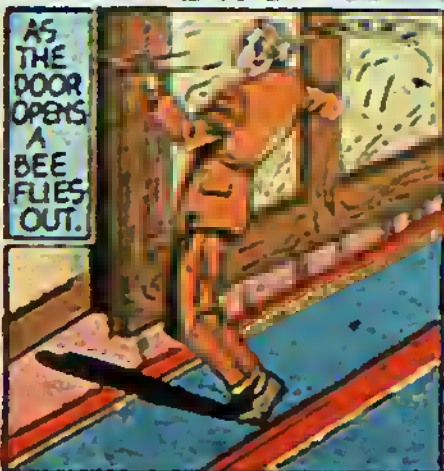
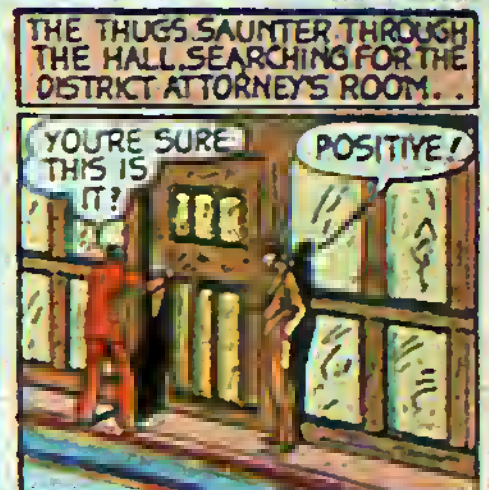
I KNOW, ITS BOSS STORM. YOU'RE AFRAID HELL RUIN YOUR CAREER - WELL -



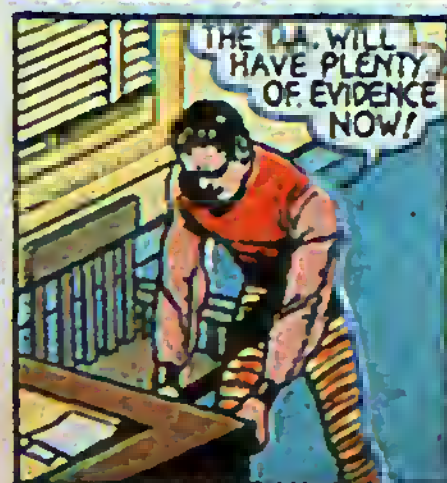
IT'S TIME THAT MOB WAS KICKED OUT OF CITY HALL, AND I THINK I'VE A WAY!













THE RED BEE RETURNS TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEYS HOME.



I JUST TOOK MY EYES OFF HIM FOR A SECOND, AND HE'S GONE!



EXTRA The Times Mirror  
D.A. PREPARED TO EXPOSE RACKET



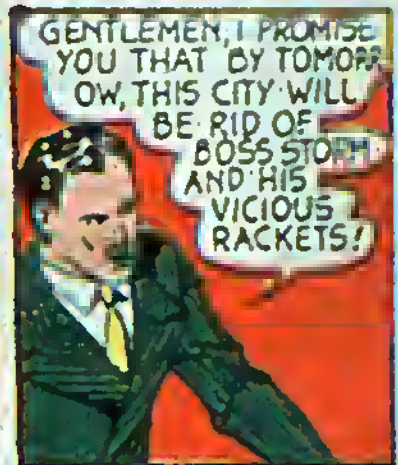
DA THIS SUSPENSE IS GETTING FRIGHTFUL!



EITHER PRODUCE THE EVIDENCE YOU CLAIM YOU HAVE OR YOUR JOB AS D.A. IS OVER!



GENTLEMEN, I PROMISE YOU THAT BY TOMORROW, THIS CITY WILL BE RID OF BOSS STORM AND HIS VICIOUS RACKETS!



BOSS STORM ADDRESSES HIS MEN. THE D.A. UNDOUBTEDLY IS THE RED BEE! NO SLIPUPS NOW!



THAT EVENING AS THE D.A. LEAVES HIS OFFICE.



OKAY, D.A. YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE! AND IT'S FREE!



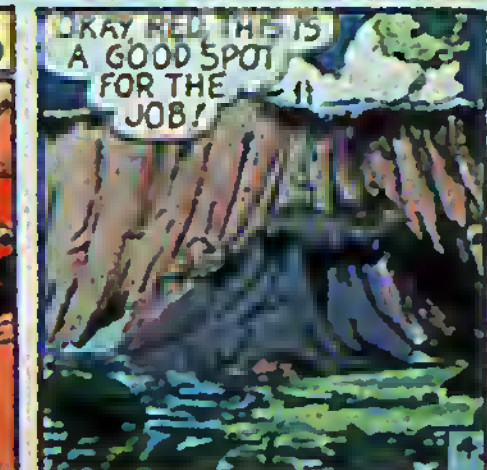
THE D.A. IS ROUGHLY JOSTLED INTO A WAITING CAR.



AS THE TRUCK DRIVE AWAY A SLEEK CAR PULLS UP BEHIND THEM.

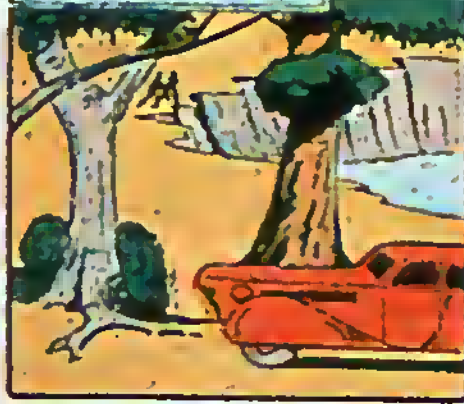


OKAY RED THIS IS A GOOD SPOT FOR THE JOB!





A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, THE STREAMLINED CAR SILENTLY COMES TO A HALT.

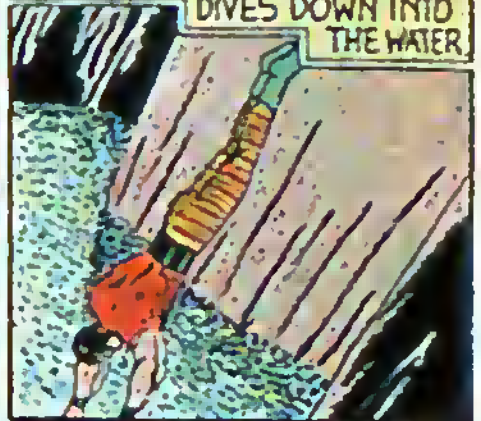


QUICKLY, THE ABDUCTORS TOSS THE D.A. OFF THE CLIFF.



S'LONG, D.A.!

FROM THE FAR END OF THE CLIFF, A POWERFUL FIGURE DIVES DOWN INTO THE WATER.



I GOT HIM OUT JUST IN TIME! HE'S COMING TO!



YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO REPAY YOU!



RED, WE'RE BEING TRAILED!



TAKE THE WHEEL! I'M GOING TO JUMP ONTO THEIR CAR!

BUT, WE'RE GOING NINETY MILES AN HOUR!

AS THE SPEEDING CARS DRAW ALONGSIDE EACH OTHER, THE RED BEE HURLS HIMSELF AT THE CAR, HIS OBJECTIVE...



HERE GOES!

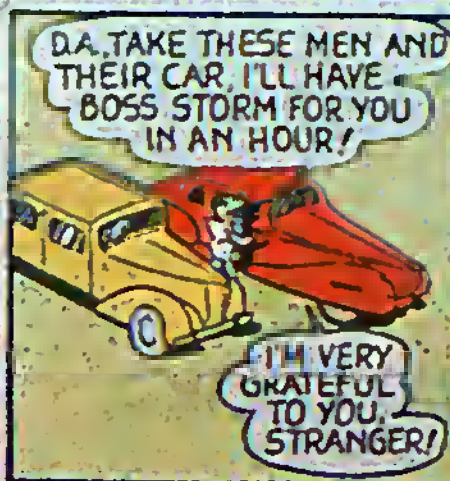
THE RED BEE SLIPS BUT REGAINS HIS BALANCE



NEARLY MISSED THAT TIME!



TWO IN ONE SOCK!



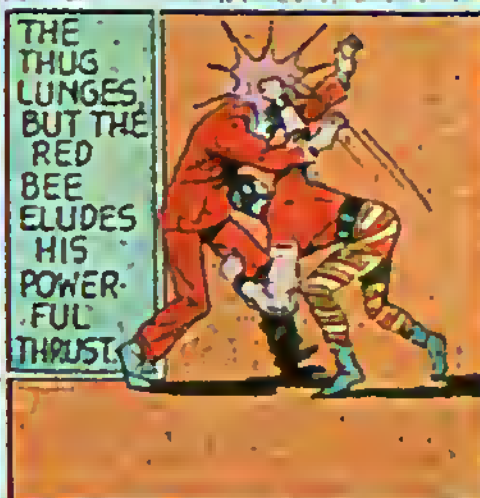
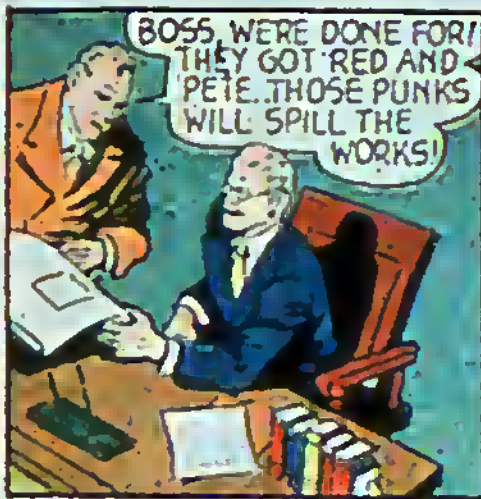
D.A. TAKE THESE MEN AND THEIR CAR, I'LL HAVE BOSS STORM FOR YOU IN AN HOUR!

I'M VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU, STRANGER!

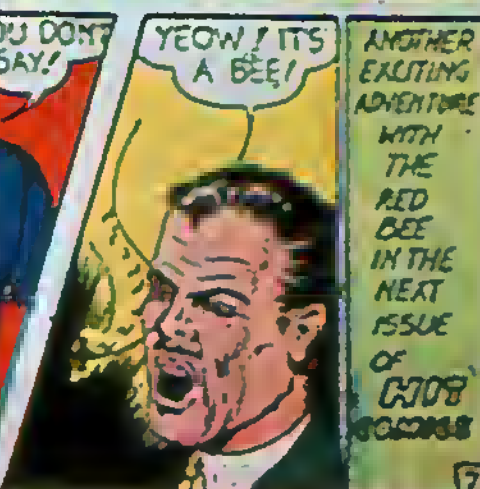
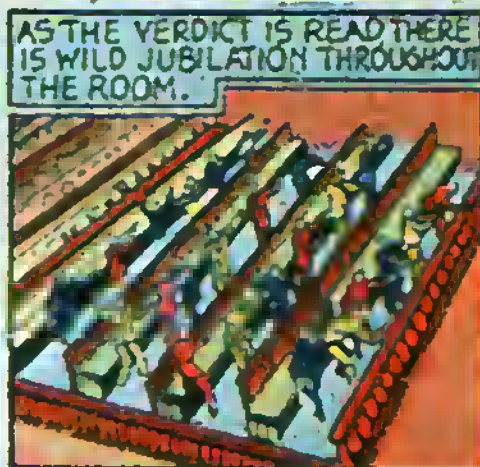
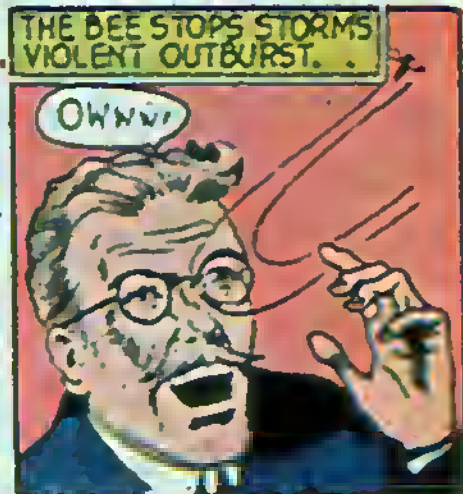
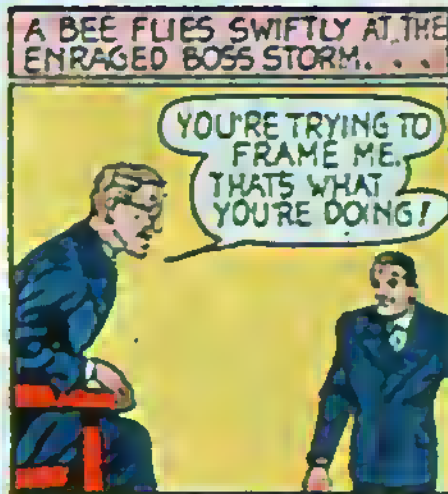
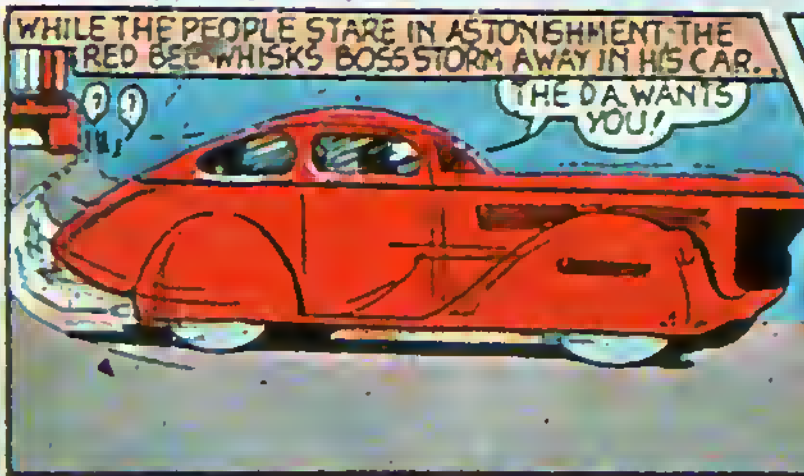


DOGGONE THAT FELLOW! HE COMES AND GOES LIKE A WILL O' THE WISP!









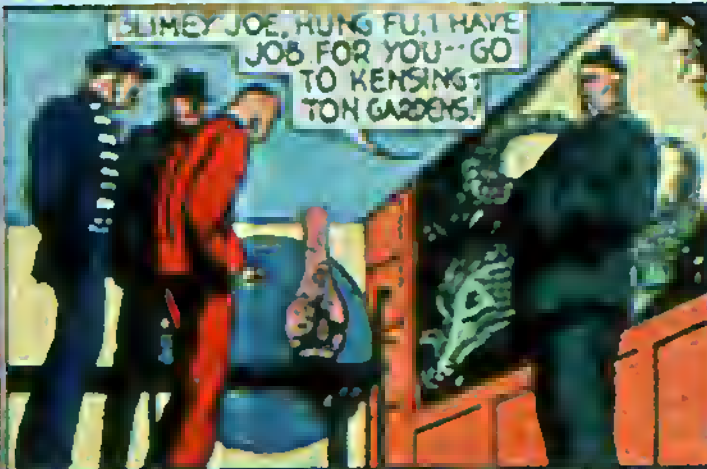


# STRANGE TWINS

BY  
SAL REGI

ONE BROTHER PAYS FOR THE OTHER'S CRIME... FROM THE BLACK HEART OF LONDON'S LIMEHOUSE, REACHES THE HAND OF FATE, TO CROSS THE LIFE OF DOUGLAS STRANGE, WITH THAT OF HIS BROTHER RODNEY, DENIZEN OF THE UNDERWORLD.

TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO, THE CRAFTY CHINESE PIRATE, SIN CHOW, VISITED LONDON'S SHADOWY UNDERWORLD ON AN EVIL MISSION OF REVENGE...



NEVILLE STRANGE, WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR MY PRESENT WRETCHED CONDITION, WILL NOW FEEL THE WEIGHT OF SIN CHOW'S WRATH! A NURSE CARES FOR HIS CHILDREN EVERY DAY IN THE PARK. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!



THAT AFTERNOON



HAVING GAGGED THE NURSE-MAID, THEY MADE OFF WITH ONE OF THE INFANTS.



AH! NOW I HAVE MY REVENGE! MY TRUSTED FRIEND, WING LOW, WILL CARE FOR HIM.



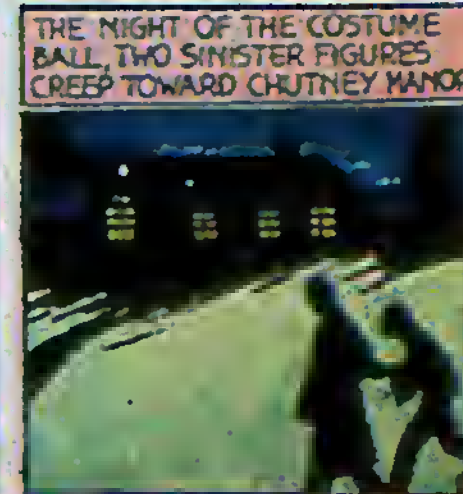
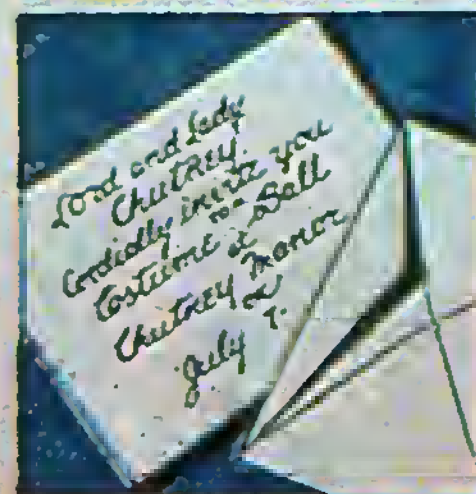
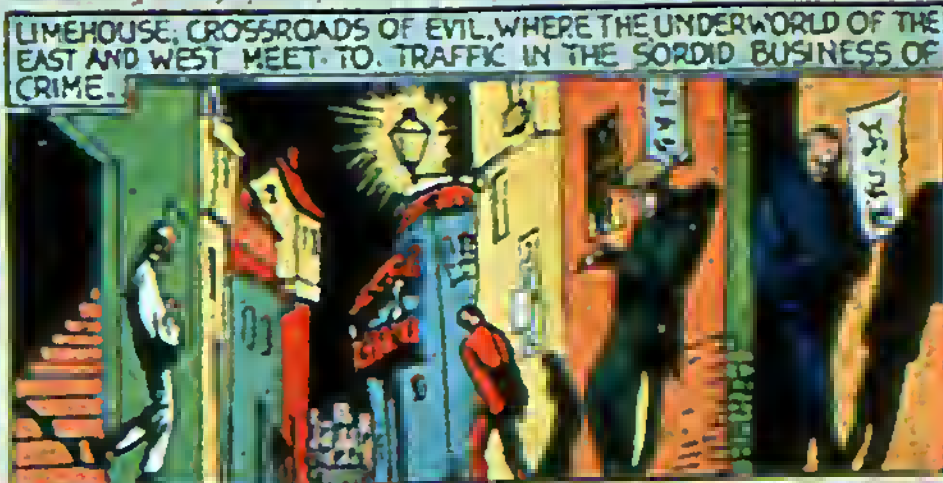
YEARS PASS. UNAWARE OF HIS ORIGIN, RODNEY STRANGE IS NOW A LEADER OF CUTTHROATS AND THIEVES, IN THE DENS OF THE LIMEHOUSE.



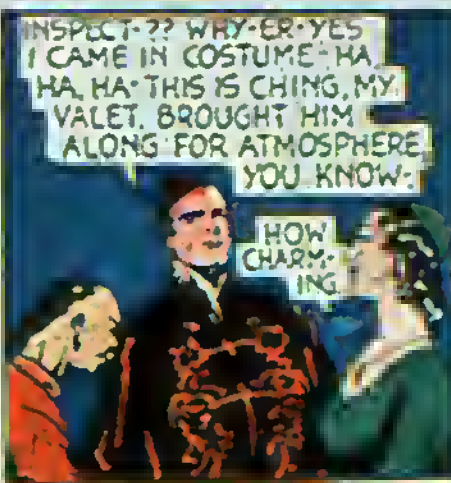
WHILE GROWN TO MANHOOD, WITH THE ADVANTAGES OF A FINE HOME AND EDUCATION, DOUGLAS STRANGE BECOMES A FAMOUS DETECTIVE OF SCOTLAND YARD.







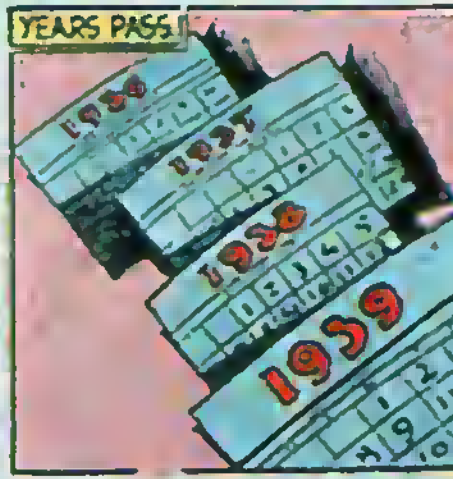
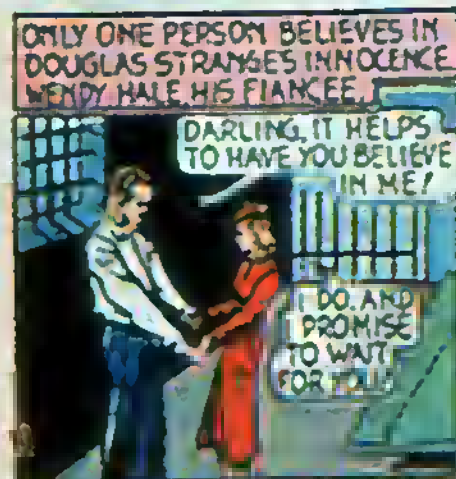
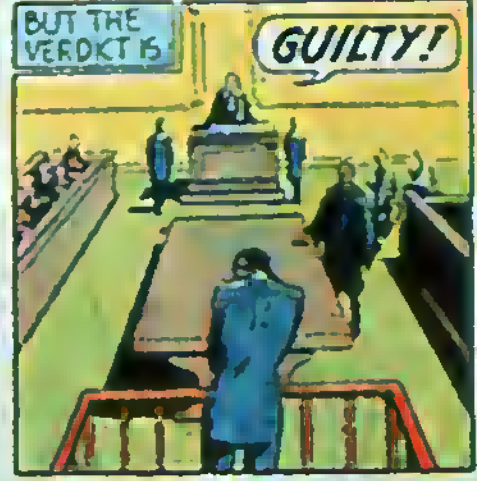
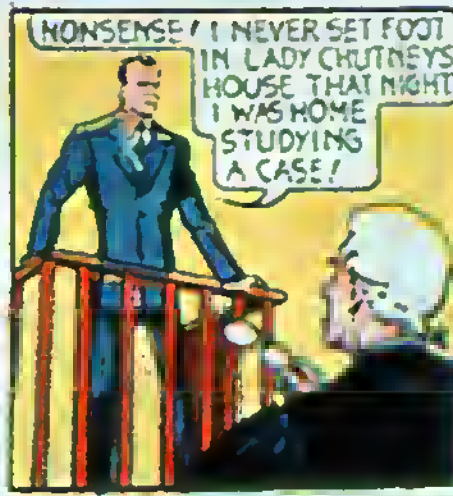
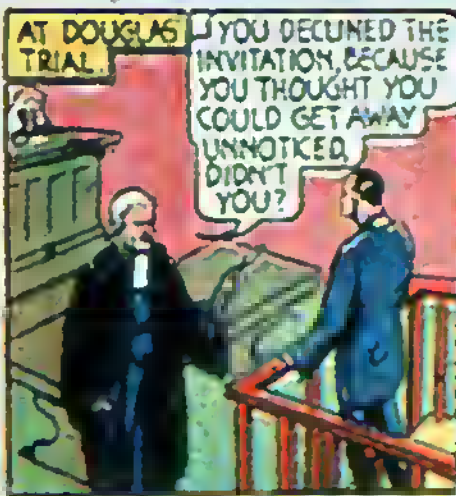




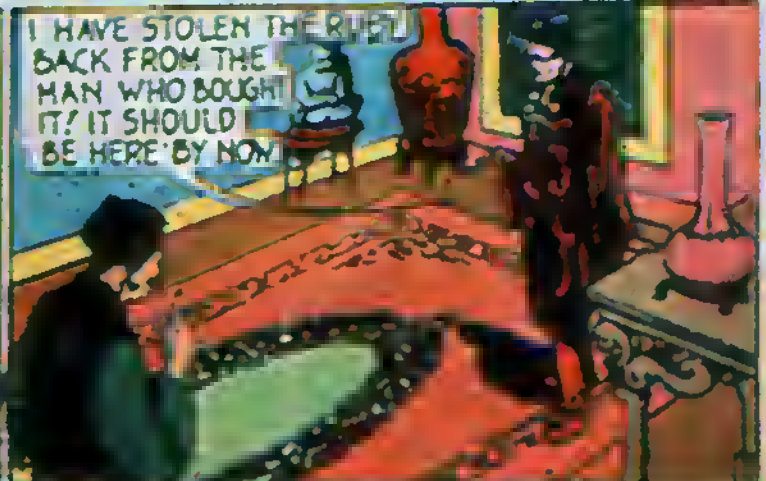
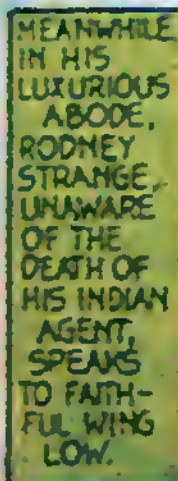
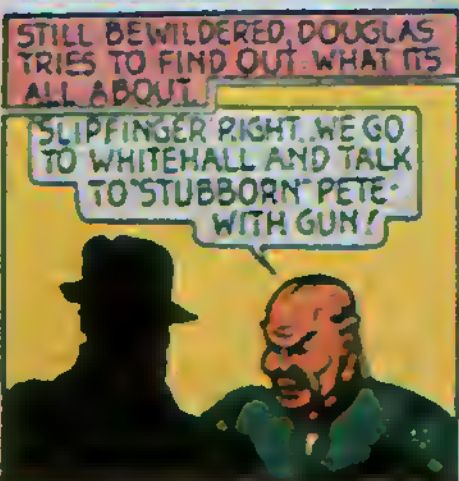
WHILE THE FESTIVITIES ARE IN FULL SWING, THE ORIENTAL CARRIES OUT ROD'S ORDERS...



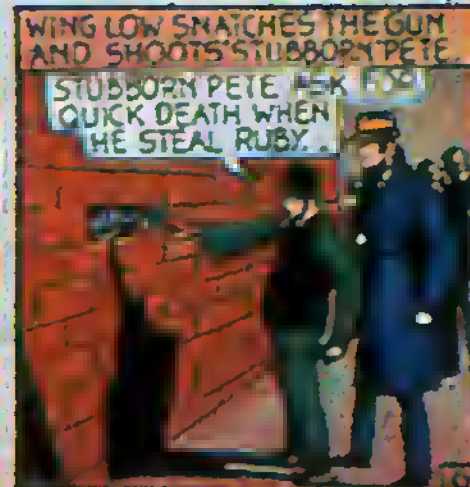














FURIOUS AT THE MURDER OF THEIR CHIEF, THE WHITEHALL GANG RUSHES INTO THE ALLEY, AND A TERRIFIC FIGHT ENSUES.



IN THE MIDST OF THE CONFUSION DOUGLAS GETS THE RUBY.



NOW, TO FIND OUT WHO'S THE LEADER OF THIS CHINESE GANG!



SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE SHADOWS...

THAT GUY'S GOT THE RUBY AND KNOWS TOO MUCH... I'LL HAVE TO SILENCE HIM!



BUT WING LOW INTERFERES.

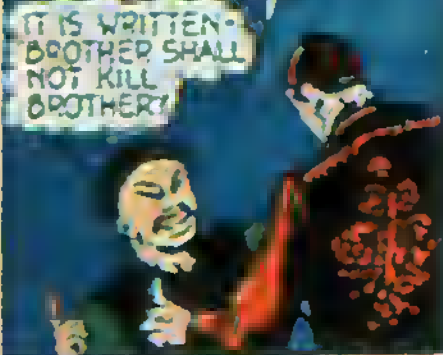
DON'T STOP ME, WING!

WAIT! HAVE BETTER IDEA. DO NOT KILL STRANGER.



HIM LOOK LIKE YOU--CAN USE OFTEN TO TAKE RAP-- KEEP HIM ALIVE!

IT IS WRITTEN-- BROTHER SHALL NOT KILL BROTHER!



FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE STRANGE TWINS COME FACE TO FACE.

FORTUNATE FOR YOU-- YOU LOOK SO MUCH LIKE ME!

AMAZING!! I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



BUT THIS TIME, YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THE RAP AND TAKE YOUR RIGHTFUL PLACE IN JAIL MY NEFARIOUS DOUBLE!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE LAW STEPS IN BETWEEN THEM...



SO, YOU HAD A BETTER IDEA!



NEXT MONTH, ROONEY'S AMAZING ESCAPE FROM JAIL AND MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES BETWEEN THE STRANGE TWINS. ... DON'T MISS IT!!!



# THE LOST MOMENT

Danny Grew, convicted of murder, asked for a second chance—and got it!

By TONI BOON

The silence of the death-house was broken by the soft shuffling of feet as Father Donovan walked to the cell of the murderer, Danny Grew. Danny stood miserably in the center of his shadowed cell, a slight man with a long thin face, drawn in sorrow. His hands hung heavily, helplessly by his side. The priest spoke kindly to Danny.

"I never meant to do it, Father. You believe me don't you? The gun — just went off, that's all. If he hadn't come at me like that — I lost my head, Father. I never meant to kill a man!"

Danny's voice rang through the dull gray walls and filled the hollow silence with agony.

Just then another voice, clear and commanding, cut through the gentle murmur of the priest's consolation.

"Danny Grew, I would like a word with you."

The priest and the prisoner turned to face a stranger who stood before the barred cell door. He was a tall man with the quiet, assured manner of a judge and the piercing, excited eyes of a prophet. He seemed to look into the very heart of Danny Grew. "I have only a few moments left to talk, sir," said Danny simply, "I am going to die—in the electric chair."

"Perhaps you won't die, that

way, Danny, the stranger smiled slowly.

The doomed man's eyes brightened for a moment. "You mean you got a pardon from the Governor?"



"No, Danny. Something, perhaps better."

The prisoner's hope began to fade again. A puzzled hurt filled his gray eyes. "Perhaps—better?" he repeated wonderingly.

"Yes, it will all depend on you. How would you like to be given a second chance. A chance to go back and undo what you have done?"

"If you're kiddin' mister, don't. There ain't anything in the world I'd rather have than a chance to go back to the night I killed Hans Schmidt and leave that house without blood on my hands."

Father Donovan touched Danny's shoulder. "Don't listen to

this man, he can't possibly mean what he says."

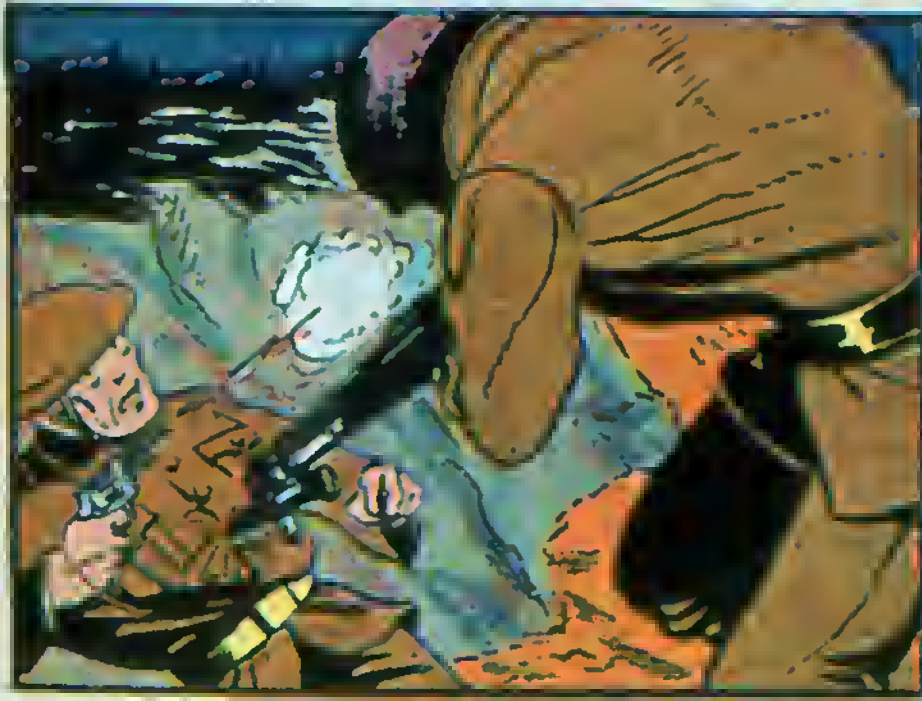
The stranger ignored the priest's remark. He stood silently looking at Danny, who never moved, for several minutes. Then he spoke, quietly and with a compelling conviction.

"Danny Grew, you have lost a moment in your life which you would like to live again. If I give you back this moment, you are to use it in a wiser way than when last you lived in it. Danny Grew I return you to one minute past three on December 17th, 1939!"

There was no blinding light, no roll of thunder, Danny was just there—suddenly out of the death cell and into Hans Schmidt's home. It was the same as before. Hans stood angrily behind the table pounding it with his fist and shouting in his hoarse bellowing voice. The room was full of smoke. Danny had come to collect a debt and Hans refused it. As Hans threw the table down to the floor in a fit of temper and advanced toward Danny, the little man's hand slipped to his gun which he carried on his job as factory watchman. It was all the same, only now Danny knew why he was here—to right a wrong. To undo what had been done before.

Trembling with fear as the angry Hans descended upon him, Danny forced himself to drop the gun. He backed up against the wall and covered his face with a weak defense. The smothering blow came down and Danny went out.





The lost moment had been given back and now it had passed. Time shifted quickly to the night that Danny Grew had been scheduled to die. But now the Danny who had not murdered Hans Schmidt walked into a friend's home, a free man.

And that was the night that the terrible news came over the radio, interrupting Danny's favorite comedian with the announcer's agitated voice crying the news that war had been declared.

The first convoy ships carrying American troops to battle, left shortly after the declaration. And among the drafted men, holding the bayonets they had just been taught to use in the short weeks of training — men who watched the sea with eyes that asked, "What are we doing here? Did we want to come? Why? Why?" — among these men stood Danny Grew, and the question in his mind burned deeper than any of the others.

"The government was going to electrocute me for killin' a man—but I went back and fired it, I got a chance to keep Hans

Schmidt alive—why is the government sendin' me over to kill—puttin' a gun in my hand and tracin' me to kill? Why? Why?

Danny went to the front and lived in the mud of the trenches. He crawled on his belly through the slime. His flesh was torn and scarred by barbed wire and bits of shrapnel. The foul food that he gulped in revulsion made him ill. He never spoke to anyone.

He had to stop thinking when he used his gun. If a thought crossed his mind he couldn't pull the trigger for that thought was always the same: "I only killed one Hans Schmidt before, now I am murdering hundreds. Hundreds of Hans Schmidts. Why did I ask for a second chance? Why did he give me back that moment?"

The black sky over No-man's-Land was crisscrossed with ribbons of searching lights. Shadowed forms droned across the sky as scout planes defied the spitting fire. Screaming shells bit into the earth with their messages of death and fountains of dirt and stones gushed from the torn land and rained on the doomed men as they crawled like

miserable reptiles, mud-caked and vermin-ridden.

Danny stared, fascinated at the flaring rockets that sprayed the heavens with terrible beauty. He scratched the dirt from his face with a torn nail and sneezed. The damp mud penetrated to his bones. He shivered.

A shell struck the clump of earth before him and Danny flattened. He waited for the shower of earth to cease and then dropped quickly into the shell hole. Hunching himself over his gun, he waited.

Suddenly, Danny's ear, glued to the dirt wall of his shelter caught the scraping sound of hard boots dragging across the ground. Cautiously he edged up the hole and his eyes peered over the top. A bleeding hand clutched a jutting rock before him and pulled the hulking figure of a man to a kneeling position above Danny.

The man wore the dreaded uniform of the enemy. He staggered distilly to his feet and raised his bayonet, his face a dirt streaked mask of mad-fury. Danny cowered below for a horrified moment.

"This has all happened before—happened before—before—before!"

Then the gun in his hand went off. The enemy tumbled into the hole with a groan.

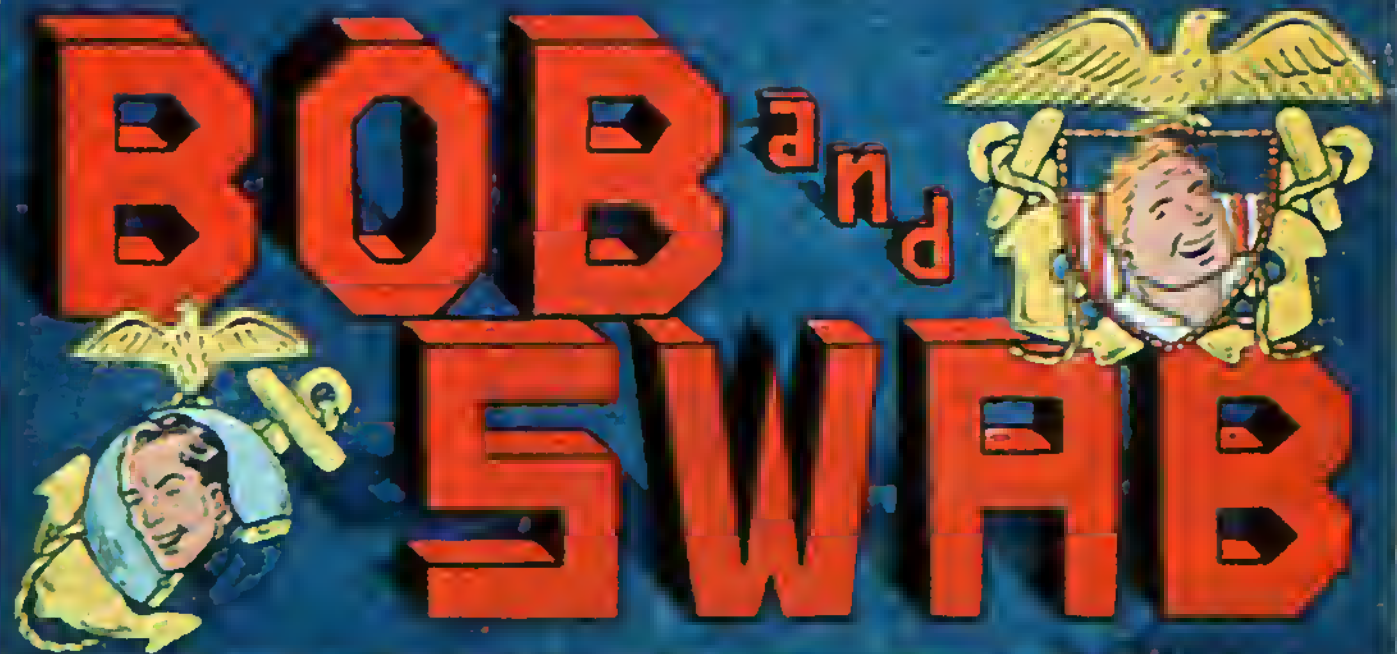
The blade of his bayonet plunged through the heart of Danny Grew.

With dimming eyes, Danny saw and recognized the face of the man whose body lay heavily upon him.

With his last breath he uttered the name—"Hans—Hans Schmidt—"



# BOB and SWAB


 The title "BOB and SWAB" is rendered in large, bold, red 3D block letters against a dark blue background. To the left of the word "BOB" is a circular inset showing a smiling man's face (Bob) wearing a blue sailor's cap. To the right of the word "SWAB" is another circular inset showing a smiling man's face (Swab) wearing a yellow sailor's cap. Above the "and" is a small illustration of a yellow eagle with spread wings.

ON NEUTRALITY PATROL OFF PANAMA, THE U.S.S. SCARAB HOVERS OVER A FOREIGN SUBMARINE, WHICH IS TO BE CONVOYED OUT OF AMERICAN TERRITORIAL WATERS.....

IN THE ATLANTIC SUNSHINE, SWAB DECKER BUSILY "MANICURES" THE DECKS...



BOB MASTERS BLITHELY WALKS BY...



WELL, WELL... SOAPY JOE, THE SLAVEY!



WHOOPS, MY DEAR... THE BALLET'S IN TOWN!



YOU STUCK THAT SOAP UNDER ME ON PURPOSE, YA —☆G!!! LUG!



WHY DON'CHA PRACTICE IN YER OWN BACKYARD, TWINKLETOES?



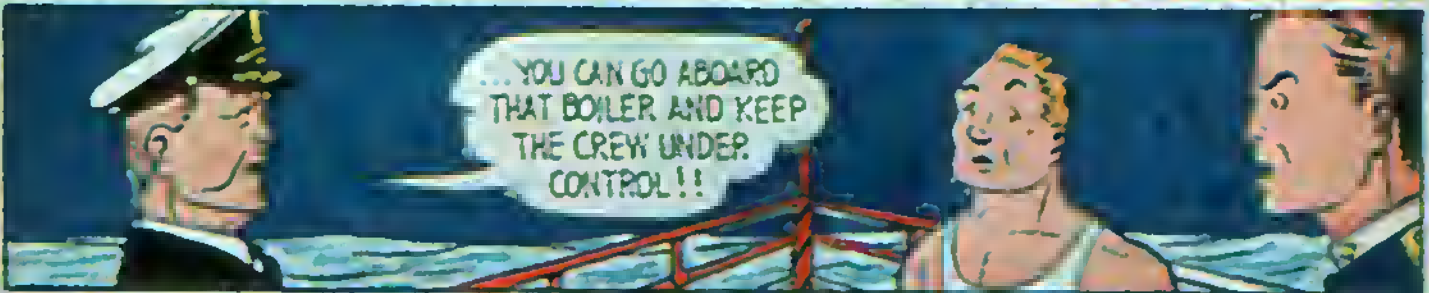
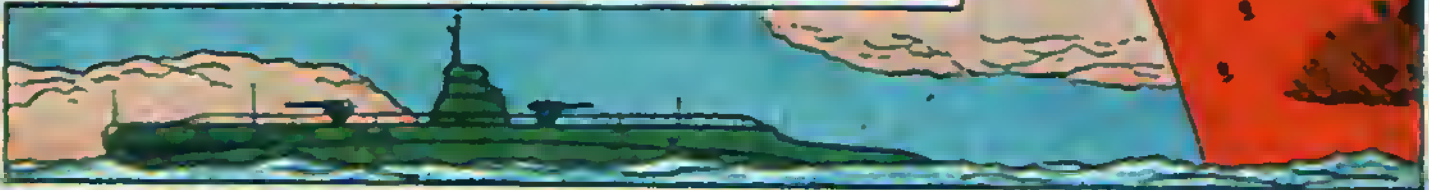




AT IT AGAIN! YOU TWO TRY MY PATIENCE! I'D PUT YOU IN THE BRIG... BUT I HAVE A BETTER IDEA!



WE'RE ESCORTING THAT FOREIGN-SUB OUTSIDE THE NEUTRAL ZONE! SEEING THAT YOU TWO ARE SUCH SCRAPPERS....



... YOU CAN GO ABOARD THAT BOILER AND KEEP THE CREW UNDER CONTROL!!



THUS, ABOARD THE SUB...

ALL RIGHT, BOSCO, WE'RE GIVIN' THE ORDERS NOW!



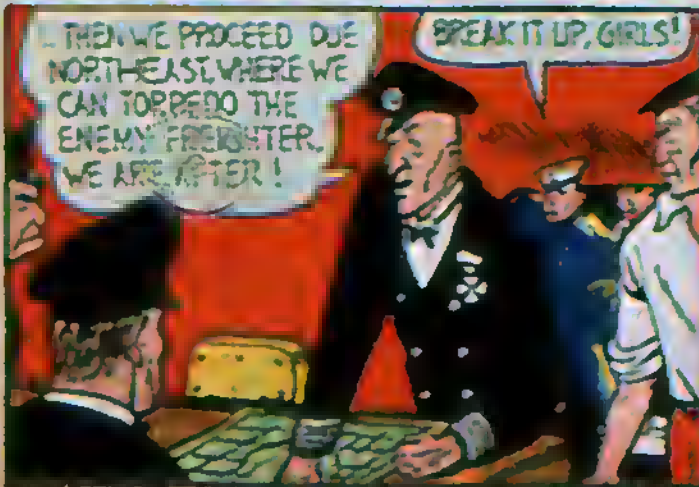
WITH HOSTILE FACES ON EVERY HAND, THEY MAKE AN INSPECTION TOUR OF THE VESSEL.....



COMES NIGHT.

BOB! GET A LOAD O' THIS!

HA! IT IS DARK NOW... AND THEY WILL NOT SEE US SUBMERGE..



THEN WE PROCEED DUE NORTHEAST WHERE WE CAN TORPEDO THE ENEMY FREIGHTER. WE ARE AFTER!

BREAK IT UP, GIRLS!



(PEEGS!

DONKEYS!





CAPTAIN! THE SUB HAS DIS-APPEARED!

WHAT! RELEASE SOME DEPTH BOMBS! THOSE FOREIGNERS ARE UP TO NO GOOD!



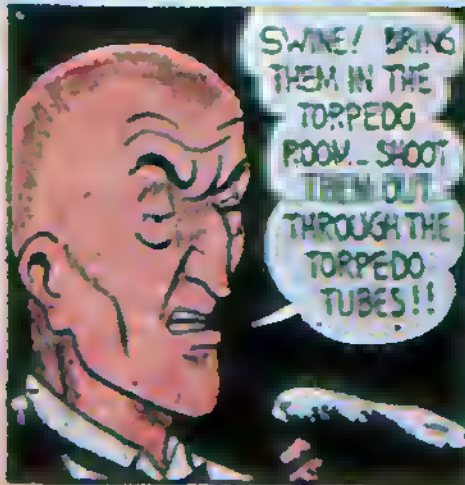
SOON, THE WATERS AROUND THE ELUSIVE SUB MOAN LIKE TORTURED SOULS!!



ONE BOMB SPANKS THE WATER, PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO THE FLEEING CRAFT . . . . .

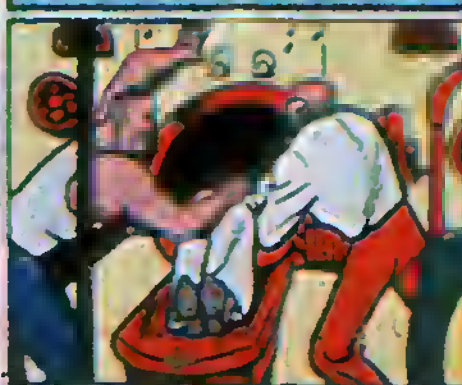


THE BOAT ROCKS HEAVILY... THE TWO SCRAPPERS ARE THROWN, THEIR SKULLS STRIKING THE STEEL SIDES... AND THEY FALL SENSELESS TO THE FLOOR!



SWINE! BRING THEM IN THE TORPEDO ROOM... SHOOT THEM OUT THROUGH THE TORPEDO TUBES!!

THE UNCONSCIOUS SWAB IS THE FIRST TO ENTER THE CHAMBER..



AS THE DOOR CLICKS SHUT, BOB REGAINS HIS SENSES!



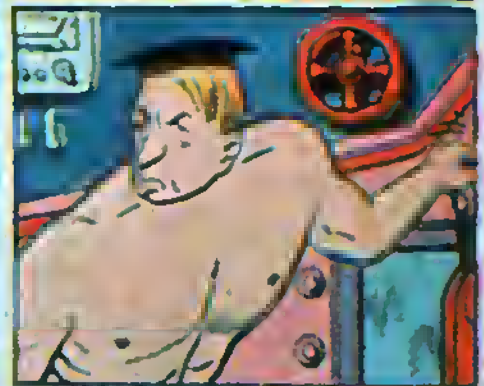




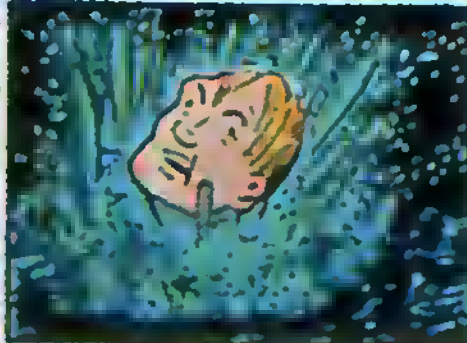
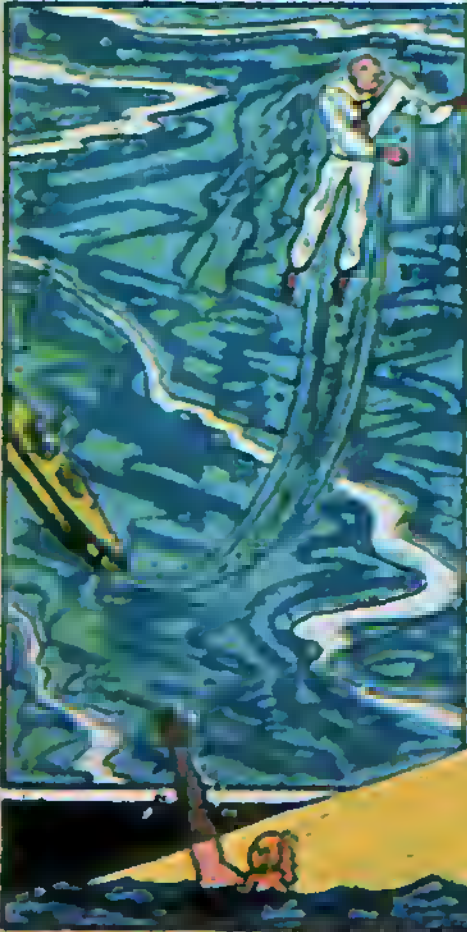
.. AND SWAB STREAKS OUT INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS! THE COLD SNAPS HIM INTO CONSCIOUSNESS!

HE BOBS TO THE SURFACE.. AND FILLS HIS ACHING LUNGS WITH COOL, FRESH AIR . . . .

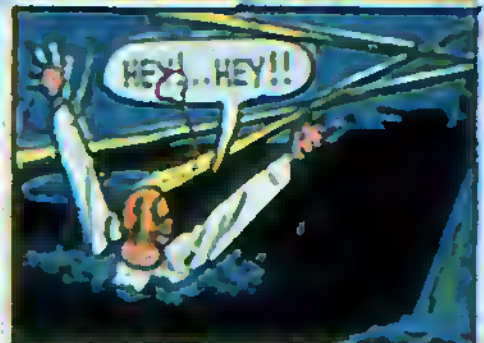
BUT ONE SAILOR, UNNOTICED, PULLS THE TORPEDO RELEASE...



THE SCARAB'S BEAMS FLIT ABOUT ON THE WAVES... SWAB FRANTICALLY WAVES HIS ARMS!



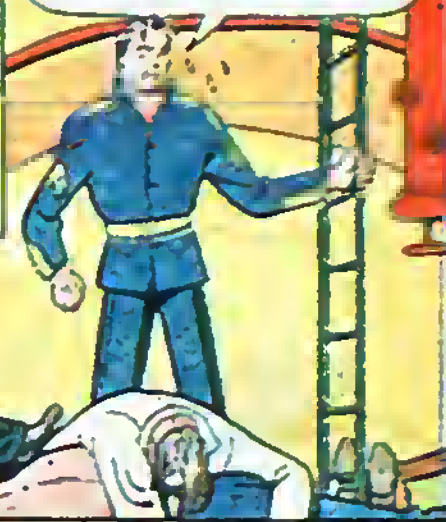
FINALLY, A BEAM SETTLES ON THE HAPLESS GOB!





MEAN-  
WHILE,  
BOB  
STANDS  
AMONG  
A LITTER  
OF LIMP  
FORMS..

POOR SWAB... SHOT INTO THE  
SEA! HE WAS A GOOD GUY..



THE MARINE HASTILY RELEASES  
A SMOKE BOMB...



... WHICH IMMEDIATELY  
INDICATES THE 'SUB'S  
POSITION TO THE SCARAB.



I'M TAKIN' OVER THIS #6!  
TUB RIGHT NOW!!



REACH, MY PRETTIES!  
PROUD O' YERSELVES,  
HUH?... MURDERIN'  
MY PAL!!



GO ON! GIVE YER  
ORDERS TO THE  
ENGINEER!  
BREAK SURFACE!



AND THE VESSEL ONCE MORE LEAVES THE SNUG EMBRACE OF THE SEA..



SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE SCARAB'S  
8-INCH RIFLES SPEAKS!



A SHELL SMASHES INTO  
THE CONNING TOWER!!



HOLY HAT! THEY'RE  
GONNA HURT  
SOMEBODY!



HEY FOR G-G-G-G-G!  
CUT IT OUT! IT'S ME..  
I'M ON YOUR SIDE!!





ONCE AGAIN, THE SUB  
IS MADE CAPTIVE...



OH...  
HULLO...

HULLO...



NOBLY DONE, MEN! YOU SHOWED  
GREAT COURAGE IN THE FACE  
OF DANGER! ER... YES... YES...  
...ER... BUT...



BUT FOR PETE'S SAKE, DON'T  
LOSE YOUR TEMPER AGAIN!



SAY, WHAT'S A BIG  
IDEA SENDIN'  
THAT SHELL AT  
ME? YOU  
KNEW---

HOW'D I KNOW  
YOU WUZ  
STILL ON  
BOARD??



WHADDAYA GOT  
UNDER YER SCALP,  
SPAGHETTI??

DON'T GET  
GUFFY  
WITH ME!  
I---



--- HATE SOREHEADS!!



OOPS! I  
SLIPPED,  
SIR!



I... I...  
OH...  
WHAT'S  
THE  
USE?

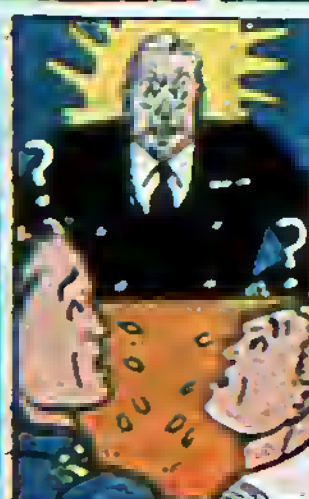
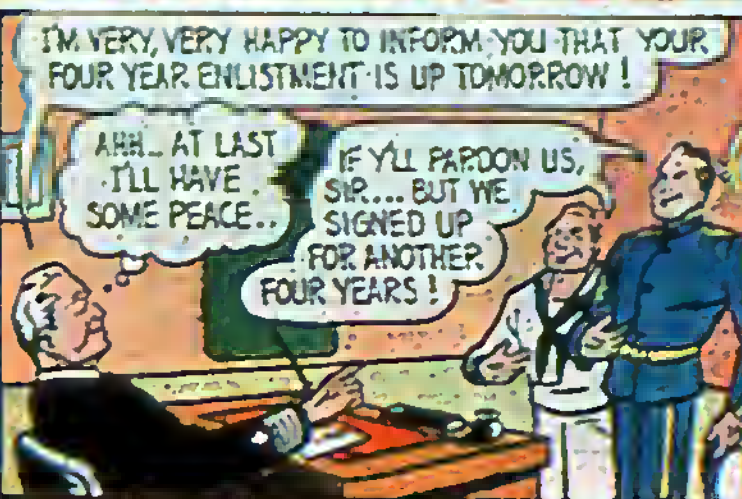
SEE ME  
IN MY  
QUARTERS!



I'M VERY, VERY HAPPY TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR  
FOUR YEAR ENLISTMENT IS UP TOMORROW!

AHH... AT LAST  
I'LL HAVE  
SOME PEACE..

IF Y'LL PARDON US,  
SIR... BUT WE  
SIGNED UP  
FOR ANOTHER  
FOUR YEARS!



TCH! IT'S A SHAME... BUT THE  
POOR CAPTAIN HAS TO BE  
PLAGUED BY OUR HEROES  
AGAIN, NEXT MONTH...





DEEGAN, CHIEF OF A BAND OF CROOKS,  
PLANS A DARING MAIL TRAIN HOLD-UP.



WE'RE GOIN'  
TO PULL OFF  
A JOB THAT'L  
LEAVE TH'  
DICKS  
GROGGY!

IT CANT BE DONE, CHIEF!  
THAT WAS O.K. FOR JESSE  
JAMES, BUT NOT IN  
THIS DAY AND AGE!



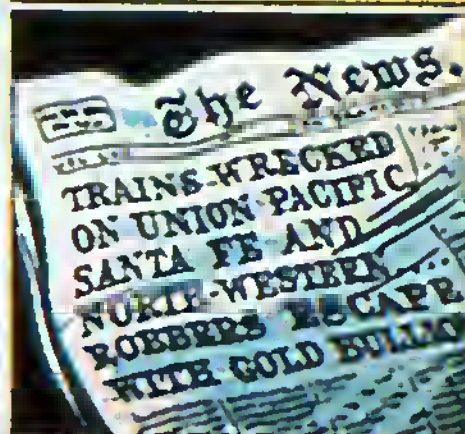
IT CAN BE  
DOONE! I'LL  
PROVE IT!



THE NEXT WEEK, THREE TRAINS ARE WRECKED AND  
ROBBED!



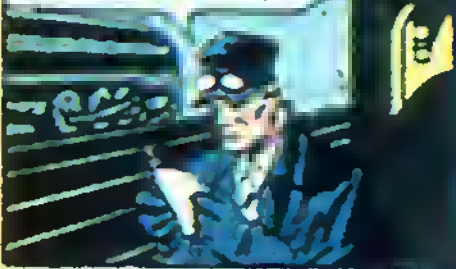
HEADLINES SCREAM!



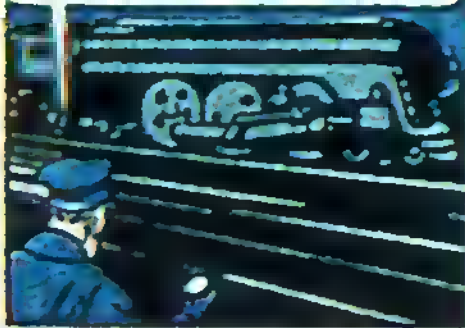


ABOUT TO START HIS RUN TO THE COAST, CASEY RECEIVES A DISPATCH...

HM! WARNING ME ABOUT TRAIN ROBBERS!



WELL, I'VE NEVER BEEN A FRACTION OF A MINUTE LATE, AND NO TRAIN ROBBERS ARE GOING TO SPOIL MY RECORD!



GOLD BULLION IS LOADED...

HM! THAT BULLION MAKES ME A GOOD TARGET!



NOW! TO ROAR THROUGH THE ROCKIES!



UNKNOWN TO CASEY, AN AUTOGIRO FOLLOWS HIM.



IN A NARROW PASS, THE AUTOGIRO DROPS.



IT OLAMPS ON THE SPEEDING TRAIN WITH MAGNETIC RUNNERS.



THE MAIL CAR IS UP FRONT.

LED BY DEEGAN, THE CROOKS WALK FORWARD.



THEY SURPRISE THE GUARD.



A HOLD-UP!

THE GUARD FLASHES A WARNING TO CASEY...

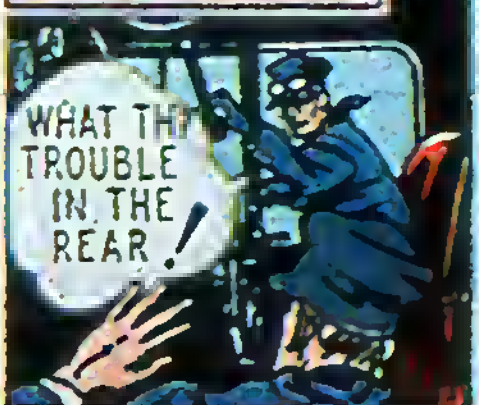


YANK!

BEFORE HE IS KNOCKED OUT!

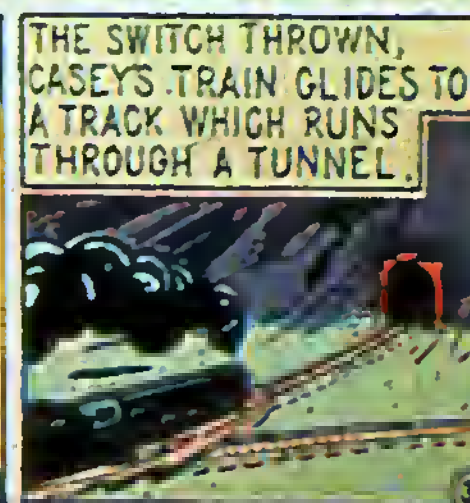
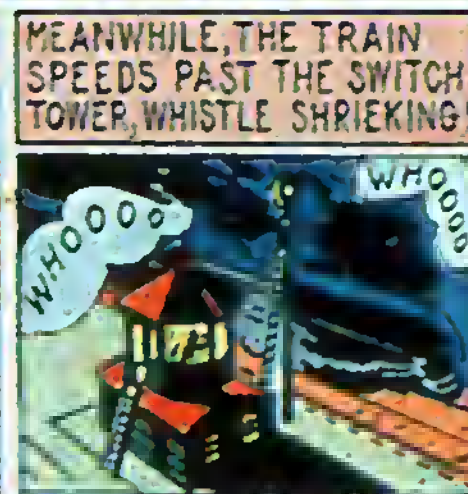
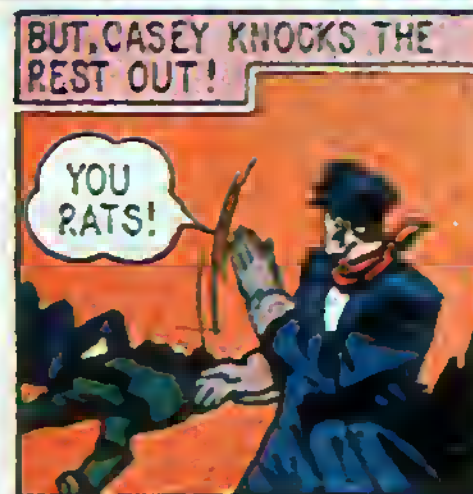
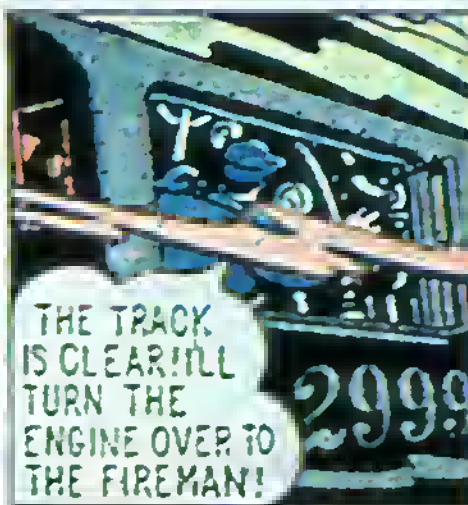


CASEY RECEIVES THE FLASHED ALARM!



WHAT THE TROUBLE IN THE REAR!







CASEY RUNS BACK TO THE CAB...



THE TRAIN DIVES INTO  
THE TUNNEL!



THE PLANE AND MEN ON TOP ARE SENT FLYING!



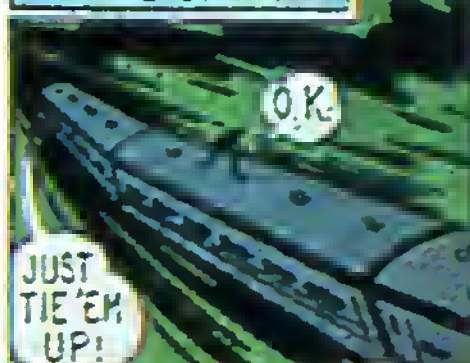
THE SWITCHMEN FROM THE  
TOWER PICK UP THE  
BULLION AND MAIL BAGS.



MEANYHILE, DEEGAN, IN  
THE MAIL CAR, REVIVES.



NOT KNOWING THIS, CASEY  
SENDS THE FIREMAN TO  
TIE THE CROOKS...



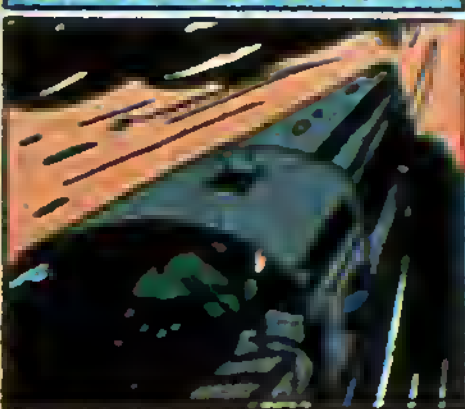
DEEGAN STAGGERS TO HIS FEET.



AS THE FIREMAN  
ENTERS... CRACK!



STEALTHILY, HE TOSSES A  
LEG OVER THE TENDER. .



AS HE DROPS INTO THE CAB, CASEY SPEAKS, THINKING HIS FIREMAN HAS RETURNED.

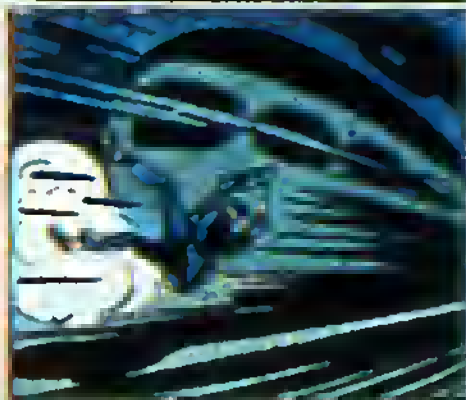
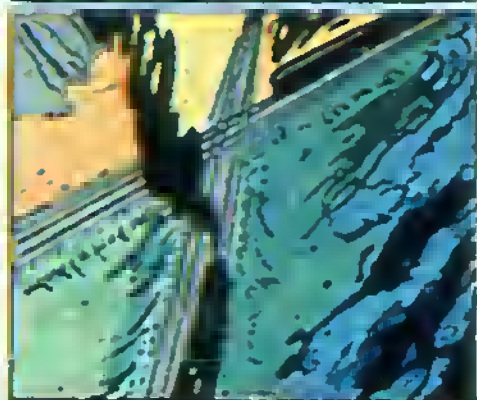
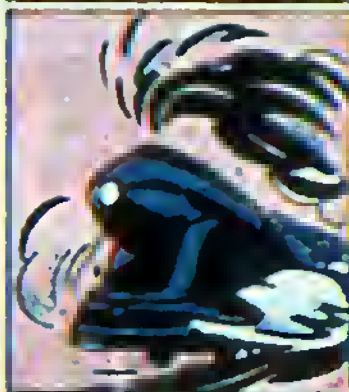
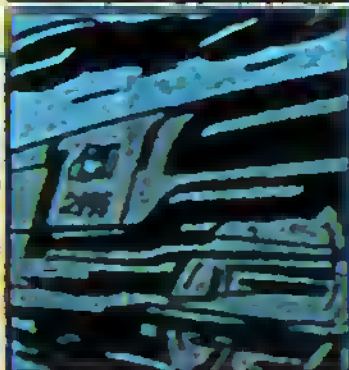




CASEY SWINGS. . . . .

DURING THE STRUGGLE,  
CASEY AND DEEGAN  
FALL FROM THE ENGINE.

CASEY'S LIMITED RUSHES ON!

ANOTHER LIMITED IS COM-  
ING! THERE'LL BE A WRECK,  
IF I DON'T STOP MY TRAIN AT  
A SWITCH DOWN THE LINE!HE LEAPS ONTO THE REAR  
CAR OF HIS SPEEDING TRAIN!MEANWHILE, THE LIMITED  
RUSHES TOWARD HIM!CASEY RACES TO  
HIS ENGINE!THE ONCOMING  
LIMITED BEARS DOWN!BUT, CASEY'S BRAKES GRIND. HIS LOCO-  
MOTIVE STOPS. THE LIMITED ROARS  
SAFELY PAST!!IN TWO MINUTES  
BEHIND SCHEDULE!  
I'LL MAKE IT UP  
ON THE HOME  
STRETCH, OR ELSE!!THE THROTTLE WIDE  
OPEN, CASEY  
SPURTS AHEAD..HIS RECORD REMAINS UN-  
BROKEN, AS HE SPEEDS IN-  
TO LOS ANGELES, ON TIME!RIDE WITH  
CASEY  
JONES  
ON HIS  
EXCITING  
ADVENTURES  
AROUND THE  
COUNTRY, IN  
THE NEXT  
ISSUE OF -  
**HIT**  
**COMICS!**



# Weird Tales

## The Tale of the Haunted Inn

BY PIERRE WINTER



HIDDEN DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE FOREST, SHELTERED BY WATCHFUL OLD TREES, WHISPERED TO BY THE NIGHT WINDS, STANDS THE OLD CRONES HOUSE . . . .



A GAUNT, BLACK CAT IS THE ONLY SENTINEL AT THE CREAKING OAK-LEAF DOOR . . . .



THE DOOR OPENS AND THE ANCIENT WITCH INVITES US IN . . . .

COME IN OUT OF THE NIGHT AND I WILL TELL YOU TALES TO FREEZE THE MARROW IN YOUR BONES!



FIRST, SIT DOWN AND WARM YOURSELVES WITH FINE BREWED TEA, FOR THE TALES I WILL TELL ARE CHILLING TO THE BLOOD!



HIGH ON A ROCKY BLUFF STARK AND LONELY OUT TO THE COLD AND HOSTILE SEA STANDS THE ANCIENT 'MURDERED SAILORS' INN . . .



WILD WAVES LASH THE SHORE, AS THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE ANGRY SEA . . .

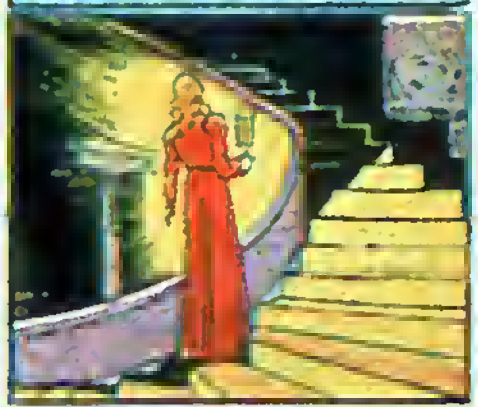




ONE PERSON, A STRANGE GIRL OF FRAGILE BEAUTY LIVES ALONE IN THE EMPTY HULL OF THE INN!



NIGHTLY, SHE WENDS HER LONELY WAY UP CREAKING STAIRS TO THE GLOOM THAT IS THE HALL UPSTAIRS!



AND, ONE BY ONE SHE LOCKS THE DOORS OF THE LONG-EMPTY INN ACCOMMODATIONS.



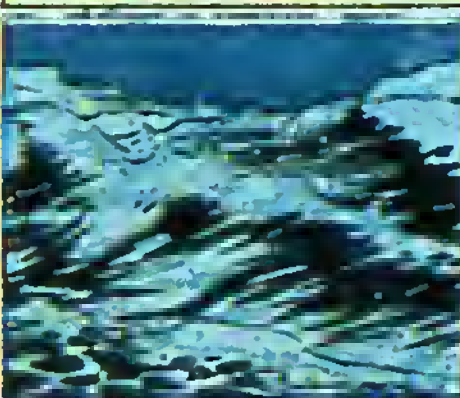
ONE NIGHT THE BLACK HEAVENS POUR FORTH THEIR FURY ON THE ANCIENT HOSTELRY.



A CAR CAUTIOUSLY FOLLOWS THE OLD SHORE ROAD.



THE MADDENED SEA SWEEPS OVER THE LAND AND BUFFETS THE CAR LIKE A CORK ON THE SEA.



CUTTING OFF THE ROAD THE CAR STOPS BEFORE THE MURDERED SAILORS' INN.



NOT A VERY INVITING LOOKING PLACE IS IT?

ANYTHING LOOKS GOOD IN THIS WEATHER!



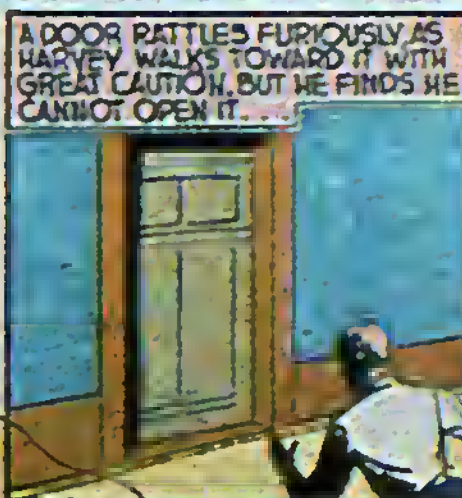
A MAN AND HIS WIFE KNOCK FOR SEVERAL MINUTES ON THE HEAVY, OLD OAKEN DOOR.



AT LAST THE PALE, BEAUTIFUL FACE OF THE INN'S LONE INHABITANT APPEARS THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR.









PEERING THROUGH THE KEY-HOLES OF SEVERAL DOORS, HARVEY IS A WITNESS TO A SCORE OF STRANGE SCENES.



IN ONE SMOKE-FILLED ROOM, A GROUP OF POLLOCKING SAILORS REVEL IN THEIR DEBAUCHERY...



ANOTHER EMPTY ROOM REVEALS A WOMAN IN AN OLD-FASHIONED DRESS, WEEDING BITTERLY...



SUDDENLY... HOW DARE YOU INTRUDE! GET DOWN THOSE STAIRS! YOU ARE DISTURBING MY GUESTS!



AFTER HIS FANTASTIC EXPERIENCE, HARVEY PASSES A SLEEPLESS NIGHT...



WAS I DREAMING, OR DO I REALLY SEE THOSE PEOPLE? SHE SAID SHE LIVES HERE ALONE BUT...

BY MORNING THE RIDDLE IS STILL UNSOLVED... HARVEY IS ANXIOUS TO LEAVE...



BUT THE RAIN STILL POURS IN GREAT TORRENTS / THE ROADS ARE STILL IMPASSABLE...



SURPRISINGLY, THEIR STRANGE HOSTESS GREETS THEM WITH A CHEERY SMILE!



GOOD MORNING! BREAKFAST IS READY

HOW ARE YOUR OTHER GUESTS THIS MORNING?

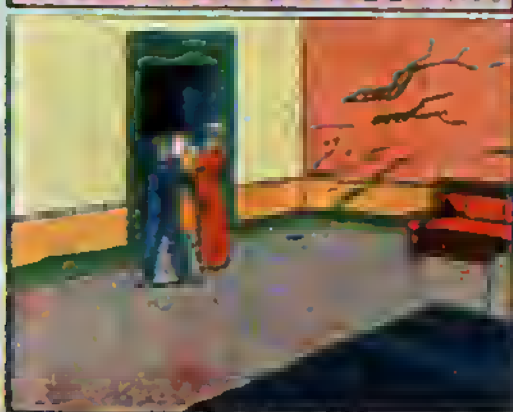


BUT I TOLD YOU THERE ARE NO OTHER GUESTS!

I'VE LIVED BY MYSELF SINCE MOTHER DIED TEN YEARS AGO... COME, I'LL SHOW YOU!



SHE LEADS THEM THROUGH ALL THE UPSTAIRS ROOMS. ALL ARE EMPTY...



STILL, I WISH WE COULD GET AWAY FROM HERE! THE PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!





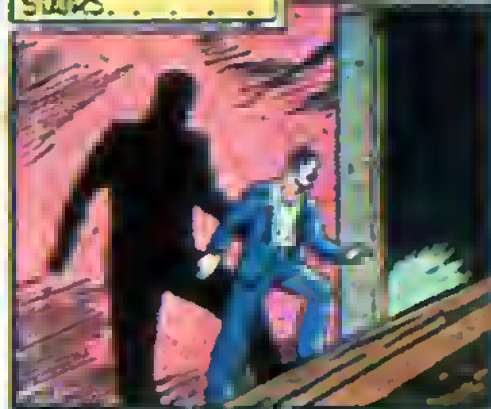
NIGHT FALLS AND THE GIRL ONCE MORE BECOMES SULKY AS BEFORE.



ONCE MORE, SHE BEGINS HER STRANGE TRIP... LOCKING THE DOORS OF THE 'EMPTY' ROOMS.



DETERMINED TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY, HARVEY FOLLOWS HER UP THE DUSTY STAIRS.



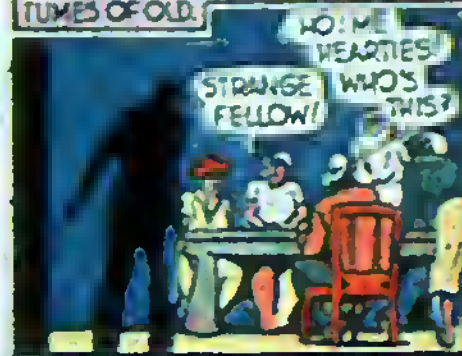
GIVE ME THE KEYS, YOUNG LADY! I'M GOING INTO THAT ROOM, AND TALK TO YOUR GUESTS!



NO! I WARN YOU! DON'T GO INTO THAT ROOM!



DISREGARDING THE GIRL, HARVEY BURSTS INTO THE ROOM AND FACES THE DRUNKEN MEN WHO ARE DRESSED IN THE PICTURESCUE SAILOR COSTUMES OF OLD.



AWOY, MATES! TOSS THE LANDLUBBER TO THE SHARKS!



SWINGING THEIR BRINE-HARDENED FISTS, THE ANCIENT SEAMEN RUSH FIERCELY AT THE INTRUDER...



CUT AND BLEEDING, HARVEY IS SENT FLYING OUT INTO THE HALL AMID A VOLLEY OF COARSE OATHS!



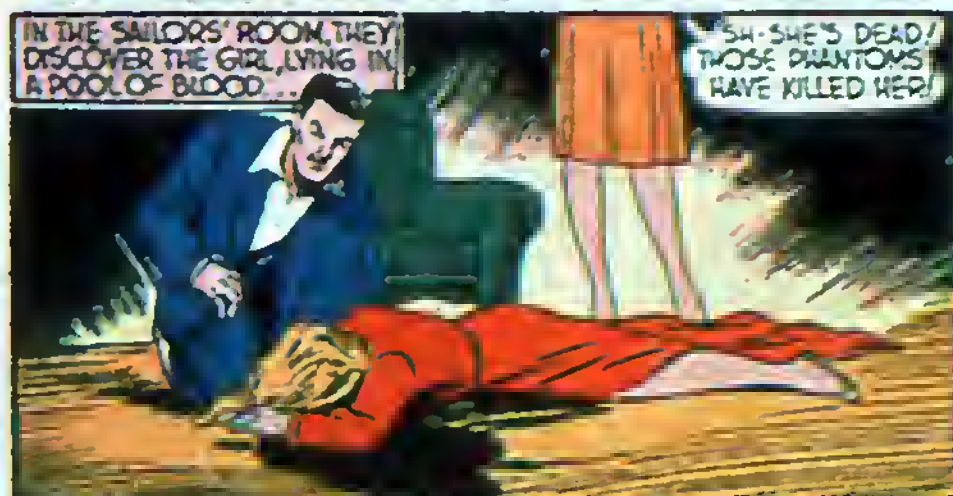
SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU HAVE ANGERED MY GUESTS!



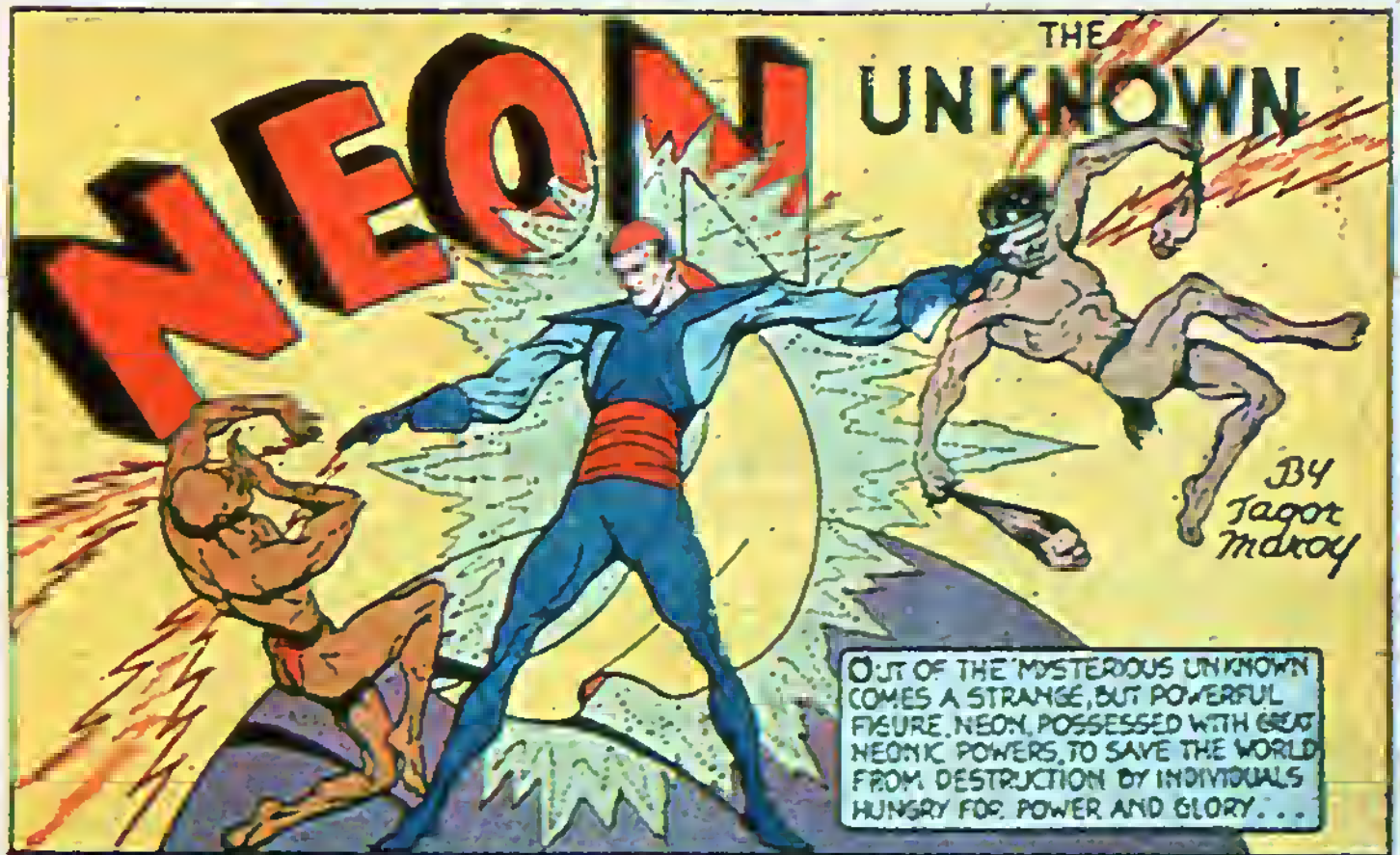
NOW, I SHALL HAVE TO GO IN AND QUIET THEM... IT IS MY DUTY!











OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN COMES A STRANGE, BUT POWERFUL FIGURE, NEON, POSSESSED WITH GREAT NEONIC POWERS, TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM DESTRUCTION BY INDIVIDUALS HUNGRY FOR POWER AND GLORY...

SECRET PREPARATIONS FOR A WORLD INVASION BY THE COMBINED FORCES OF ALL THE PRIMITIVE RACES OF MAN--IN THE DARK CONTINENT.



SOUTH AMERICA

IN THE BUSH OF AUSTRALIA AND THE JUNGLES OF BRAZIL

AUSTRALIA

HUGE HANGARS ARE ERECTED BY SAVAGES TRAINED TO WHITE MEN'S WAYS.



ROWS OF BLACK NATIVES MAN THE HUGE MUNITIONS MACHINES



THE BUSHMEN, HEADHUNTERS, CANNIBALS, FIERCE PAINTED WARRIORS--ALL ARE PAID RICHLY IN GOLD AND PRESENTS TO CARRY OUT THE FIENDISH PLANS OF



MORGAN CROOKES, A RETIRED MAN OF GREAT WEALTH.



WILSON, SOON OUR PLANS WILL BE PUT INTO ACTION! ALL CIVILIZATION WILL FALL! HEH HEH!



MEANWHILE, IN THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION, A POWER-MAD LIEUTENANT CRUELLY COMMANDS HIS COMPANY.

THE MBANGI TRIBE MUST BE HELD IN CHECK! YOU ARE TO CROSS THE DESERT, AND DIE IF YOU MUST TO QUELL THEIR UPRISING!



WE CAN NEVER REACH THE JUNGLE ALIVE! WHAT HAVE THE MBANGIS BEEN DOING?



NOTHING! CRACKET JUST WANTS US OUT OF THE WAY!

ONE BY ONE, THE BLISTERING HEAT OF THE VAST DESERT TAKES ITS TOLL OF THE DOOMED COMPANY.

CRACKET IS A MADMAN TO SEND US ON A TRIP LIKE THIS! HE KNEW IT WOULD KILL US!



ONLY ONE MAN REMAINS, TOM CORBET... HE DRAGS HIMSELF OVER THE BURNING SANDS.



I CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!

AT LAST, A SHINING POOL OF CLEAR WATER GLISTENS IN A GREEN OASIS, BECKONING HOPEFULLY TO THE DYING MAN.



PARCHED WITH THIRST WEAK FROM THE INTENSE HEAT, TOM CORBET CRAWLS FORWARD IN AGONY...



PHOSPHORESCENT VAPORS RISE FROM THE WATER TOM DRINKS...



AMAZINGLY REFRESHED, TOM RISES. A STRANGE LUMINOUS GLOW SURROUNDS HIM.



I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN!

MIRACULOUSLY, HIS COSTUME IS TRANSFORMED. THE LOST LEGIONAIRE BECOMES NEON, THE UNKNOWN...





THE NEXT MOMENT A SNARLING TIGER SPRINGS BEFORE HIM... NEON RAISES HIS HANDS INSTINCTIVELY. . . .

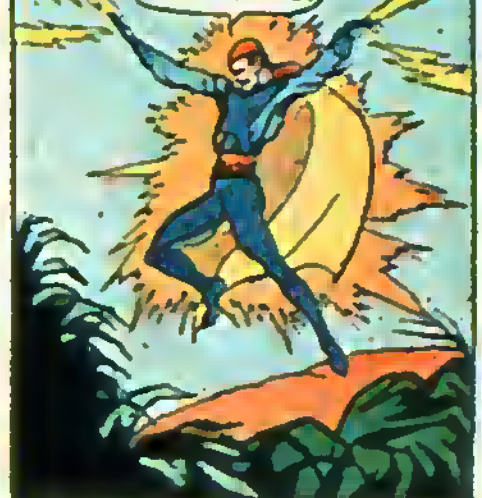
-AND I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A GUN!



WHAT TH? THE TIGER'S DEAD! THERE'S SOME STRANGE POWER IN MY HANDS! I CAN FEEL IT THROUGH MY BODY!



STRANGE--IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE WATER! IT HAS GIVEN ME NEONIC POWER! I CAN DO ALMOST ANYTHING!



ON A SPIRAL OF LIGHT, NEON SHOOTS ABOVE THE TREES OF THE JUNGLE..



HIS FLIGHT TAKES HIM TO THE ENORMOUS HIDDEN AIRPORT WHERE CROOKES OPERATIONS ARE IN FULL SWAY.



HMM, VERY MYSTERIOUS! I THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND!

NEON OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION WHICH REVEALS CROOKES' NEFARIOUS SCHEME TO HIM. . . .



FLYING BACK TO THE LEGION AT TOP SPEED, HE WARNS THE COMMANDANT.

WHAT NONSENSE IS THIS! SECRET HANGARS? A WORLD ATTACK BY SAVAGES? WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?

I? I'M TOM-ER-NO, I'M NEON, THE UNKNOWN! YOU MUST LET ME HAVE SOME MEN AT ONCE!



THE OFFICER'S DOUBTS ARE SOON SWEEPED ASIDE AS CROOKES' FIRST FLEET ZOOMS DANGEROUSLY OVERHEAD. . . .



DO YOU BELIEVE ME NOW, CAPTAIN?

BY GAD, MAN, YES! HOW MANY MEN DO YOU NEED?



BACK TO THE SECRET HANGARS, NEON LEADS A COMPANY OF HIS FORMER COMRADES. HE'S NOT RECOGNIZED BY ANY OF THEM.



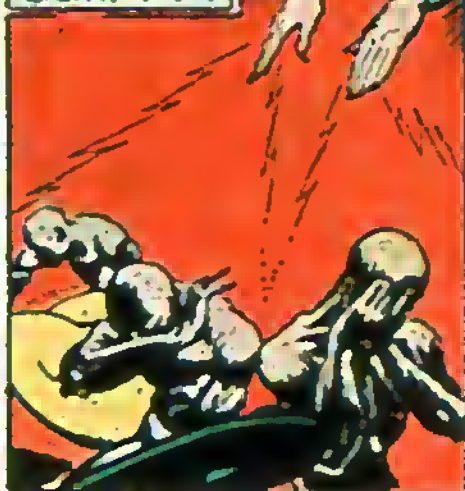
MORGAN CROOKE'S TRAINED HORDES RALLY TO ATTACK THE INVADERS, BUT...



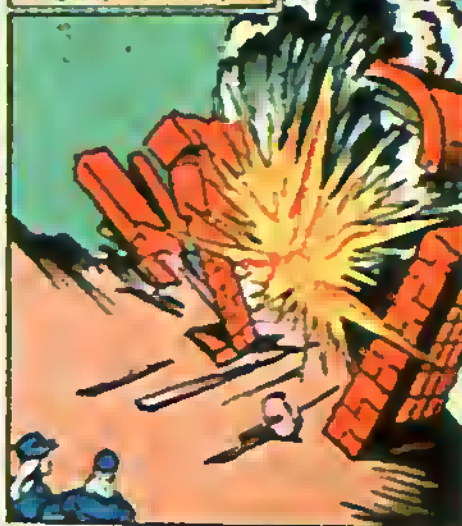
NOW TO PUT MY NEW FOUND POWERS TO GOOD USE!



A BLINDING GLARE FLASHES FROM NEON'S HANDS. THE NEGROES CRINGE BEFORE THE BLAZING LIGHT.



THE LEGIONAIRES BOMB THE GREAT HANGARS LEAVING THEM IN UTTER RUIN.



WHILE THE BLINDED GUARDS GROPE HELPLESSLY, NEON ORDERS HIS MEN TO THE PLANES.



THEY TAKE OFF AND HEAD ACROSS THE OCEAN FOR SOUTH AMERICA.

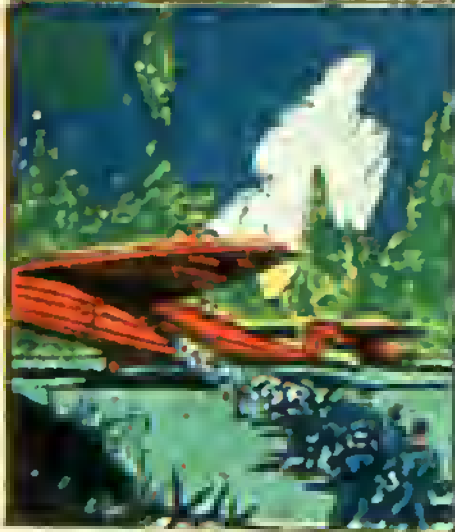


FRANTICALLY, MORGAN CROOKE CALLS HIS AUSTRALIAN FORCES...

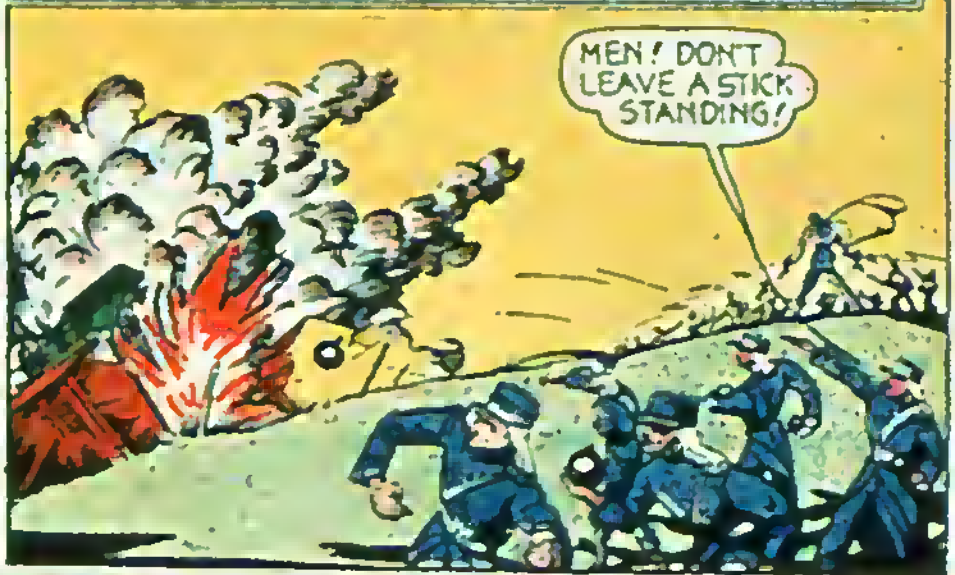
SEND A FLEET TO STOP THESE MEN AT ONCE!



ON AN OPEN PLAIN, IN THE HEART OF THE BRAZILIAN JUNGLE, LANDS NEON'S FLEET.



THE GREAT MUNITION FACTORIES GO UP IN FLAMES, ROCKED AGAIN AND AGAIN BY TERRIFIC EXPLOSIONS.



ONCE MORE, THEY TAKE TO THE AIR TO FINISH THE JOB IN AUSTRALIA.



BUT MIDWAY THEY ARE MET BY A HUGE FLEET THAT IS SPEEDING TOWARD THEM.



FIERCE BUSHMEN MAN THE PLANES. MACHINE GUNS SPIT THEIR DEADLY FIRE.



BUT ONE BY ONE NEON'S POWERFUL RAYS DESTROY THE MOTORS OF THE ENEMY PLANES.



THEY PLUNGE INTO THE WAVES OF THE PACIFIC AND SINK BELOW THE SURFACE.



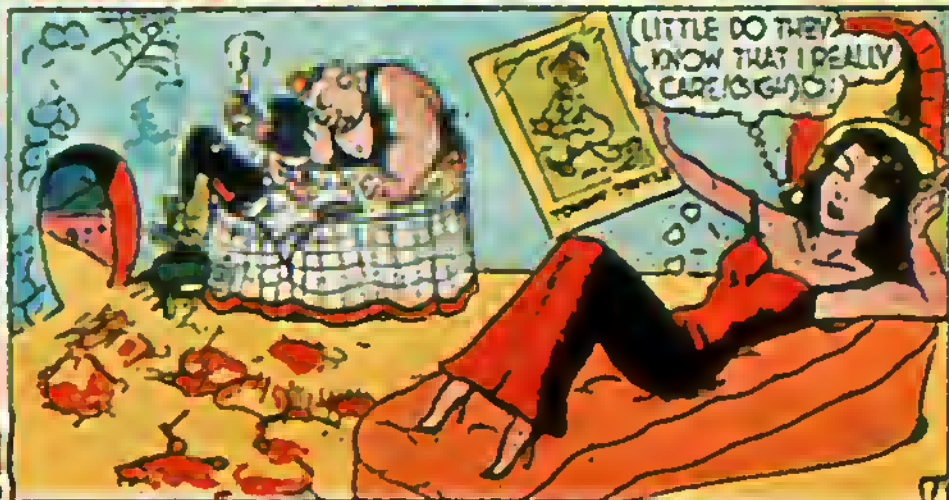
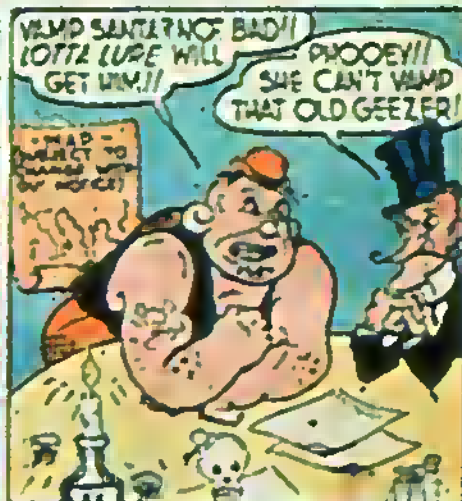
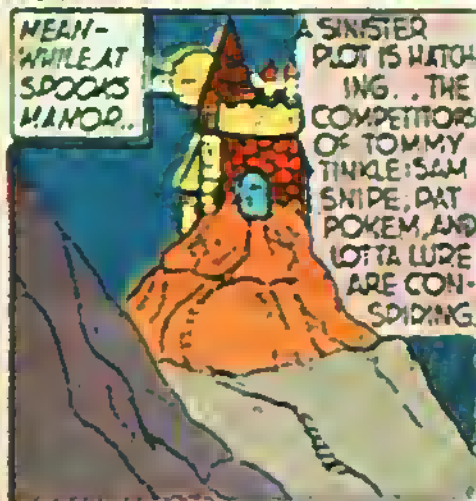
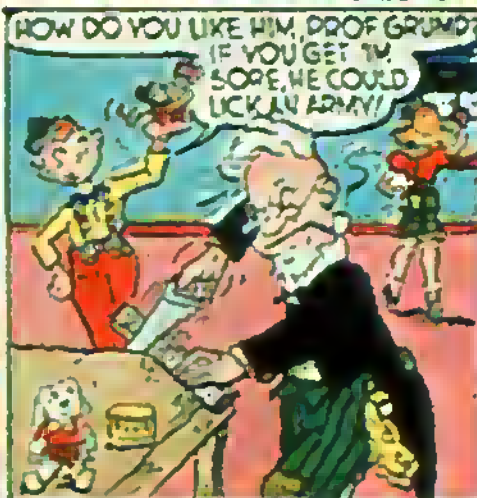
AT LAST! WE'VE CRIPPLED MORGAN CROOKES ARMY! WHY MEN MAKE A BUSINESS OF WAR AT THE EXPENSE OF HUMAN LIVES IS ALWAYS A MYSTERY!



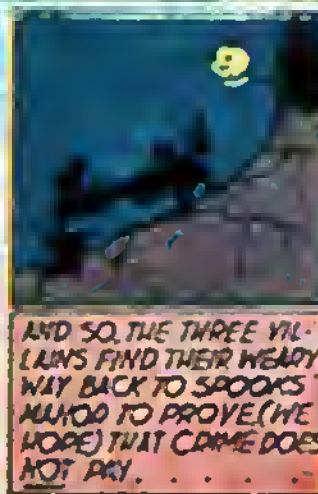
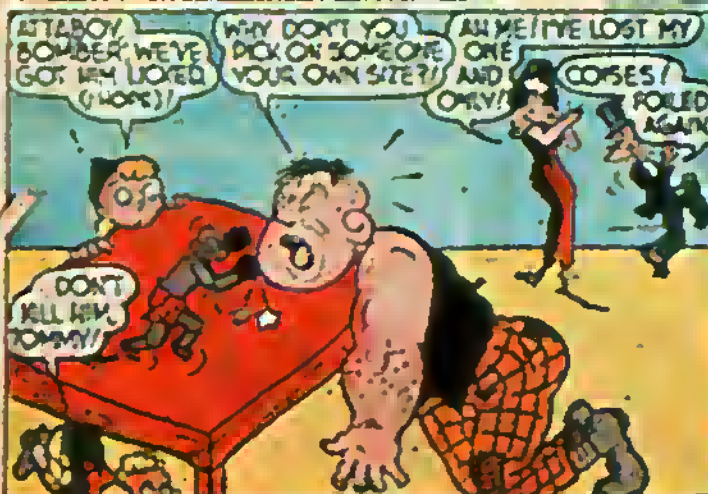
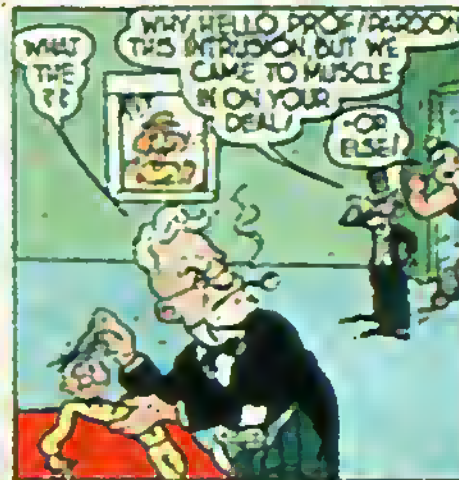
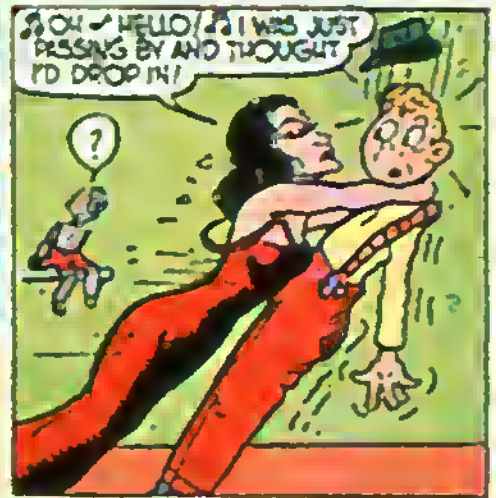
NEON, THE UNKNOWN, WILL BE BACK WITH MORE AMAZING ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE

**HIT COMICS**











**BLAZE BARTON**

**AND THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE**

EARTH IN MAY A.D. 2010 ALL LIFE EXTINCT

EARTH IN MAY A.D. 2005

EARTH IN MAY A.D. 2000

EARTH IN MAY A.D. 1995

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS CHART, PROFESSOR SOLIS?

THAT SPIRAL CHARTS THE COURSE OF EARTH TOWARD ITS DOOM. BLAZE! IN THREE YEARS, OUR PLANET WILL BE SO NEAR THE SUN, THAT LIFE WILL DISAPPEAR BECAUSE OF THE TERRIFIC HEAT!

WE MUST WARN THE WORLD AT ONCE! OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO BUILD HEAT-PROOF CITIES! I HAVE INVENTED A METHOD!

COUNT ON ME, PROFESSOR. I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE HELP I CAN!

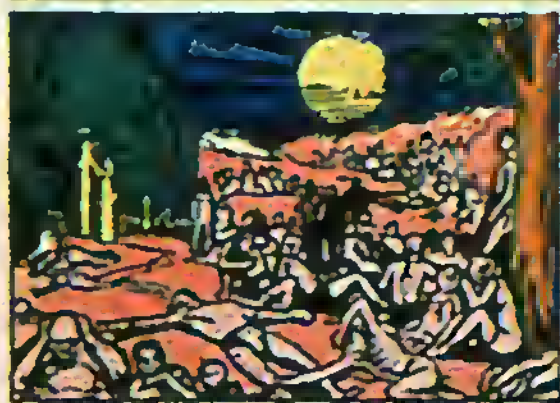
WHEN DO WE BEGIN, FATHER?

IM WITH YOU TOO!

THE DAILY  
**THE NEW NOAH!**  
THE WORLD OF  
PROF. SOLIS PROPHECIES  
END OF WORLD  
THE MORNING SUN  
PROF. SOLIS ALL BURNED UP

BUT THE WORLD ONLY LAUGHS AT THE OLD PROFESSOR... HE SPENDS HIS OWN FORTUNE TO BUILD HIS GREAT, HEAT-PROOF CITY.

GRADUALLY, THE HEAT INCREASES. PEOPLE FIND NO RELIEF FROM THE HEAT WAVE.



WE MUST TAKE ALL OUR ARCHIVES, FORMULAS AND SCIENTIFIC RECORDS WITH US. PERHAPS WE CAN BUILD A NEW WORLD!

PROFESSOR SOLIS PERSUADES THE PRESIDENT AND A GROUP OF THE COUNTRY'S MOST INFLUENTIAL MEN TO JOIN HIM.





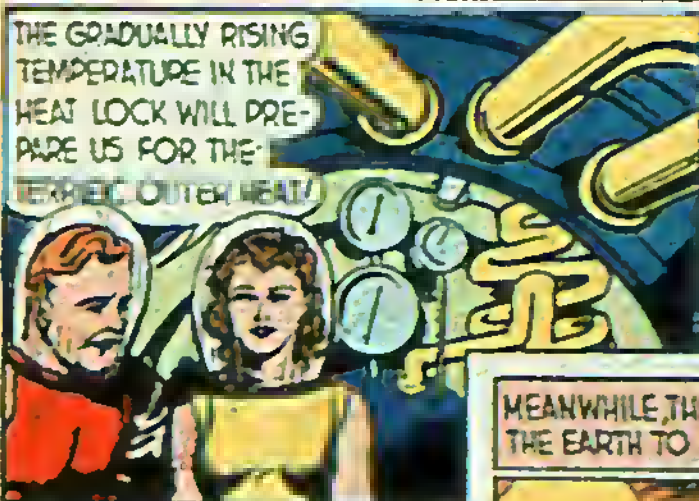
SOLIS' WARNING COMES TRUE / THE HEAT KILLS EVERY  
THING / CITIES CRUMBLE / THE EARTH IS BARREN !!



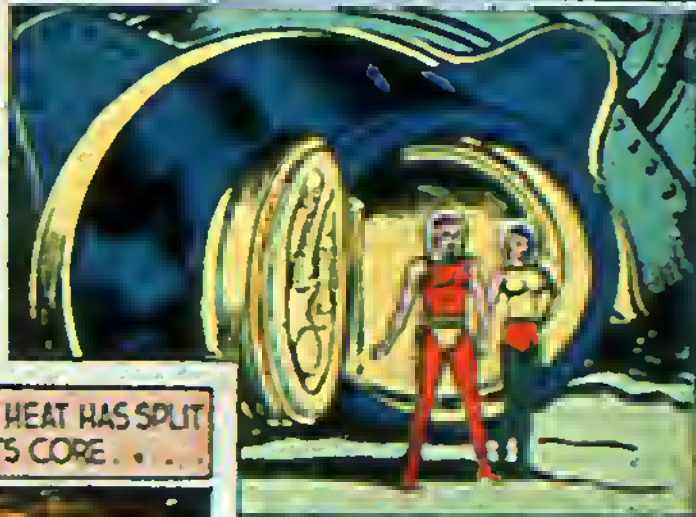
AFTER MANY MONTHS, STRANGE NEW VEGETATION, OF  
A TOUGH, TROPICAL NATURE, BEGINS TO SPROUT. . .



IN SOLIS CITY, BLAZE AND BETTY, THE PROFESSOR'S  
DAUGHTER, PREPARE TO VENTURE FORTH. . .



WEARING HEAT HELMETS, THEY LEAVE THE LOCK, THE  
FIRST HUMANS TO SET FOOT IN THE NEW WORLD!



MEANWHILE, THE HEAT HAS SPLIT  
THE EARTH TO ITS CORE. . .



FROM THE DEPTHS EMERGES A  
STRANGE RACE OF MONSTERS !!!



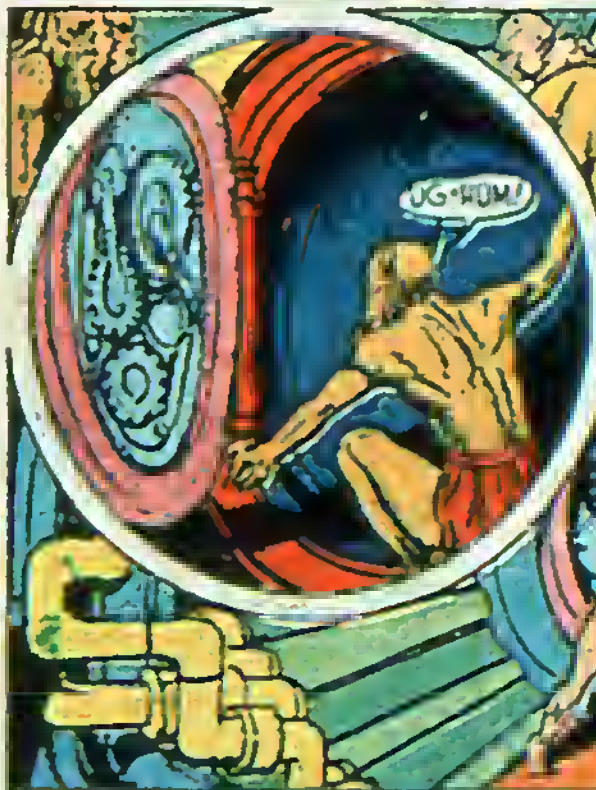
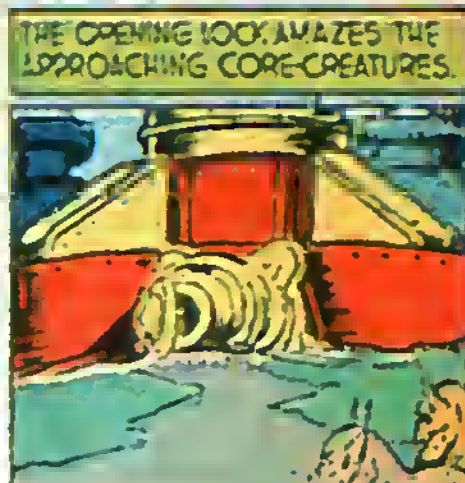
GOOD  
LORD / BETTY,  
LOOK!

THEY  
ARE GONE  
TO ATTACK.

ACCUSTOMED TO GREAT HEAT, THEY  
THRIVE WELL ON THE EARTH. . .







AS ONE OF THE MORE VENTURESOME OF THE MONSTERS ENTERS, THE LOCK CLOSES. HE IS SOON UNCONSCIOUS.



THE PROFESSOR'S MACHINE TRANSLATES THOUGHT WAVES INTO WORDS. SOON, THEY CAN CONVERSE WITH HIM.





IN THE RUINS OF A GREAT CHURCH, THE KING HAS SET UP A FANTASTIC THRONE...



I WILL MAKE YOU QUEEN, MY FAIR ONE! WE SHALL RULE THE EARTH TOGETHER!



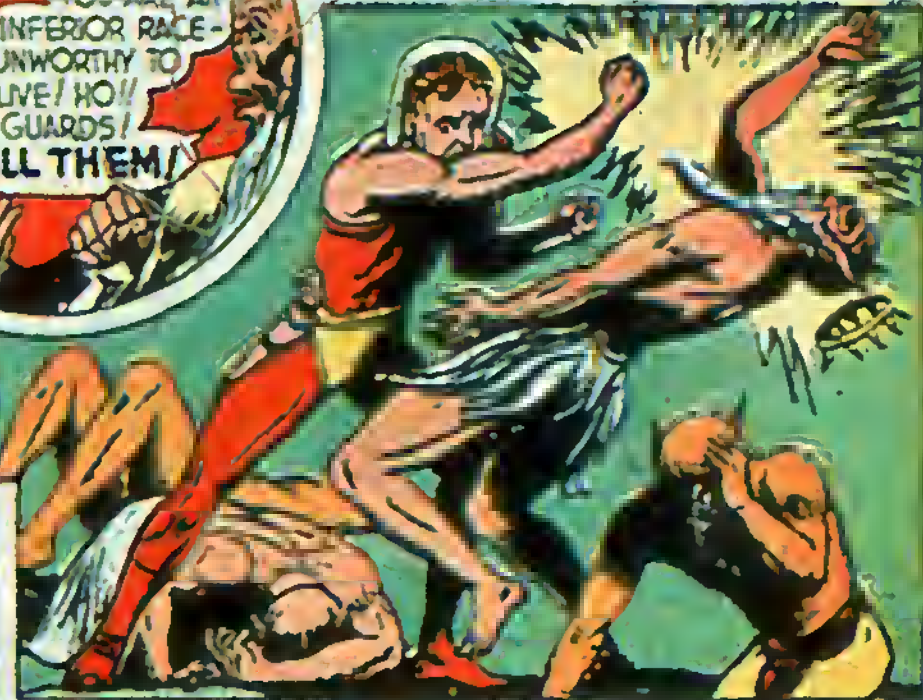
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU, BUT THE ANSWER IS STILL NO!

WHY NOT HAVE THE BOOZ AND THE DRUGS? IT'LL BE BEFORE THE CORE KING.



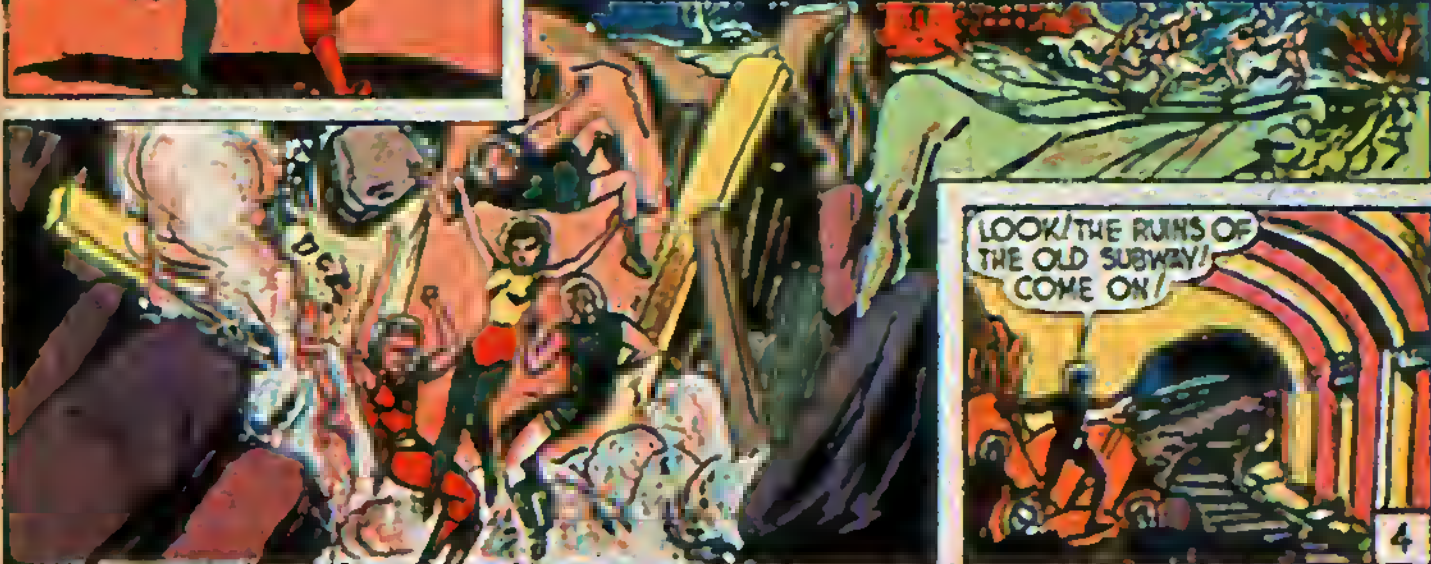
I AM THE CHIEF OF THIS LAND! GIVE ME THE GIRL. LET US BE FRIENDS!

YOU ARE AN INFERIOR RACE - UNWORTHY TO LIVE! HO!! GUARDS! KILL THEM!



OH HURRY!

THE HUMANS, FLEEING FROM THE CORE-CREATURES SUDDENLY FEEL THE GROUND GIVE WAY AND FALL INTO A YAWNING PIT.



LOOK! THE RUINS OF THE OLD SUBWAY! COME ON!





BUT THE CORE CREATURES ARE SOON ON OUR FRIENDS' TRAIL AGAIN.



LOOK! WATER  
DRIPPING - WE MUST  
BE UNDER THE  
RIVER!



ALL BLAST THAT  
SECTION LOOSE!  
BY THE TIME WE  
GET OUT, THE WEIGHT  
OF THE RIVER WILL  
BURST IT THROUGH  
ALL THE WAY!

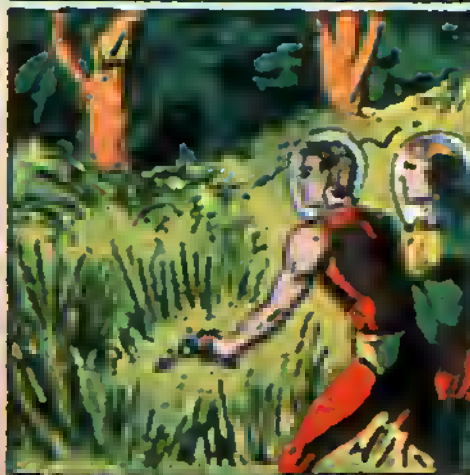


WE JUST ABOUT  
MADE IT!

AS THE SUBWAY ROOF GIVES WAY THE RIVER  
RUSHES IN UPON THE TERRIFIED CORE-MEN!



THE HUMANS ELUDE THEIR FOES  
AND HURRY BACK TO SOLIS CITY.



THANK HEAVEN WE GOT  
THROUGH THAT JUNGLE  
UNSEEN!



WHAT DO WE DO NOW, MR. PRESIDENT?

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO  
CIVILIZE THESE  
MONSTERS! WE  
WILL HAVE TO  
FIGHT A WAR  
TO THE END!



5

WHAT'S IN STORE FOR BLAZE  
BARTON? FOLLOW HIS EXPLOITS  
IN THE NEXT HIT COMICS!



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# THE HEART OF THE BICYCLE



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